



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

WHILE in Canada we are trying to find out some practical means of reforming our Senate we look in vain to the United States for any example which could be used as the basis of improving our present method of obtaining an upper chamber. After the November elections of last year, when the newly elected State Legislatures (the Assembly and the State Senate elect U. S. Senators) got together, more than a dozen States had either deadlocks or scandals over their attempts to elect a United States senator. We are accustomed to hear of California, Montana, Wyoming and Nevada electing millionaire senators by means of the most brazen corruption, but during the present election of senators Pennsylvania has joined the group of deadlockers, and some of the Southern States which used to be all one way of thinking have gone into line as allowing scandalous methods to prevail. The evil is growing and the personnel of the United States Senate is becoming worse, and it is already admitted that the body is controlled by representatives of enormous interests which do not scruple to purchase the way of their representatives into the senatorial body.

Some of the States voted in favor of the direct election by the people of its United States senators, but the calls of trusts and corporate interests are too great to permit the United States constitution to be amended. When California had a plebiscite on the question in 1892, 187,958 votes were polled for direct election, and only 13,342 against it. Still, as that State is the home of the millionaire senator, who knows it is easier to buy a legislature than to corrupt the people, nothing has been done, and though another vote is to be taken it will probably be useless, for the same reason.

ONE pleasant phase of the affection which, for the time being at least, is felt by the people of the United States for Great Britain, is the tendency of the newspapers to forget to remind us of the date and details of the last time that Uncle Sam licked John Bull either by land or sea. The "better understanding," which may mean so much or so little, has given the reminiscent editor and artist an opportunity to recall to their war-hungry readers the naval battle of February 9, 1799, when the French frigate *L'Insurgente* was one of two vessels which captured Commodore Bainbridge of the U. S. ship *Retaliator*. This has not much glory in it, but the halo gets astride the picture and the story later on, when *L'Insurgente* fell in with the *Constellation*, the flagship of Commodore Truxton's squadron, which chased her off the island of St. Kitt's and captured her. The fact is not concealed that the *Constellation* had much heavier guns, and was backed by other ships, but splendor is found in the incident inasmuch as after an action of an hour and a quarter *L'Insurgente* struck her colors, having twenty men killed and forty-six wounded, while the loss of the *Constellation* was only three wounded and one killed, which, as the aforesaid warlike editor remarks, "is something like what we are used to now." Strange, isn't it, what will go as glorious when the people are mad with the military spirit?

AN interesting reminder of the fact that the Canadian Law Society is most exclusive is contained in a letter which I have from a young Canadian of my acquaintance, who is now in London, studying for the English Bar. He says: "A year from now I will be wearing the wig and gown of an English barrister and will be able to practice my profession in any part of the great Empire except in the Dominion. No Bar in Canada will permit a member of the Home Bar to practice. It seems rather hard lines that I am practically exiled from my own country simply because I am ambitious enough to pass my examinations at the first Bar in the world, namely, the English Bar. However, I am still convinced that no place offers better opportunities to hard workers than the same city of London, and here I think I will pitch my tent for life." What do Canadian lawyers think of this?

WHY should not Canada have an academy to which our great authors, artists, musicians, dramatists and others could belong, in which they could touch elbows, swap inspiration and make literature hump? Why should our immortals be left unwoven into a great horizon-covering garland called THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, SCIENCE, ART AND BELLES LETTRES? Why not decorate them with a great big cross of gold entwined with variegated ribbons which could be worn asleep or awake, as a liverpad or chest-protector or snake charm? If this were established no publishing firm in the up-to-date race would fail to have their book-cannivers out working up this easy and overwhelming snap long before Fall. Membership in this really good thing could be offered every subscriber to the Compendium of Knowledge or the Infallible Dictionary, and it would go—gilt crosses thrown in—gold extra, or a Windsor uniform at cost price.

THE following paragraph from one of the local Opposition papers may not present so strong an argument against the Provincial Government as the editor imagines:

We believe that so staunch a partizan as Mr. German would not have ventured to cross the wishes of the Government unless he had received an unmistakable intimation from his constituents that the so-called Canadian Niagara Power Company must no longer be allowed to block the progress of the county of Welland and of Ontario at large.

It is quite possible that the Government suspects, as many outsiders suspect, that the cancelling of the franchise of the Canadian Niagara Power Company and its transfer to the one advocated by Mr. German, may not better the prospects of cheap power for Canadians, even though the treasury may at first seem to obtain a few more dollars. If the franchise is of such extraordinary value as Mr. German has been trying to make the Government understand—and there is no doubt that its value is too little appreciated—then the proper means of disposing of it would be by tender. If it is taken away from those who originally obtained it, then it should be given to nobody else without public competition.

DEATH has been unusually busy with the people who are well known as well as those whose loss is only felt in a limited circle. Archibald Lampman, the poet, though on this side of forty, has gone out with the tide and Canada has lost one of the few men who are well worthy of the name of author. The dignity of his character and serene beauty of his verse will not be soon forgotten though so few are familiar with his work.

Mr. Hugh Ryan, a well known figure in financial circles, a good fellow and unostentatious socially, a builder of railways and the contractor, together with his brother, for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie locks, also fades from view within the week, though his generous contributions to charity will still remain a monument to a man who in small things was punctilious and exacting, as a business man must be, while in large matters he was exceedingly generous and unquestioning. Probably his great wealth will be forgotten before his great ability as a constructor of public works will cease to be mentioned. Few men have, like him, built nearly a thousand miles of railways and constructed canal locks, perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

Requiem mass has also been said for Mr. B. B. Hughes, long a prominent figure in commercial circles and but recently appointed to a position in Osgoode Hall. His kindly face and quiet heartiness of speech will be missed on the street, where he was a familiar figure, but in his home the loss cannot be reckoned by those who are unacquainted with his domestic virtues and the lovely family by which he was surrounded.

WITH regard to the Toronto cadets at Tampa, a local paper has had a flaming headline, "Ladies of Florida have fallen in love with the boys and show them every attention." This is not only rubbish, but it is liable to put silly notions into the heads of schoolboys. The worst feature of it is that the newspaper in question has sheets containing this sort of guff placed on the desks of the children in attendance at the Toronto schools. TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is not in competition with the daily papers and I cannot be accused of an envious spirit when I say it is no part of the business of either teachers or schoolchildren to distribute the advertising pages of any journal. It appears that the papers are taken in bundles to the school and there distributed amongst the rooms and the scholars. This may not happen in every school, but it does in

woman write down for her anything which is to be held as a fact or at all sacred. It is passing strange how little faith women put in one another when exactness or good faith is in question. A "He" lawyer may write out half a dozen sheets of foolscap which nobody, man or woman, can read, and the average "lidy" will sign it without question. But presuming that the convention was properly officered, the first speaker without doubt would propose a resolution of condolence with the old maids present who never had any chance to get married. On a point of order this would be ruled out, for no woman lives who is not firmly convinced that she could have married almost anybody if she had half tried. Not a single item in the programme of an ordinary convention could be suggested which would not raise Cain in this spinster's session, for if a woman takes one thing more seriously than another, that one thing is her unmarried condition. The women who have had plenty of chances are slow to talk about them, and the woman who has had none is mighty slow to let anybody talk about the reasons which led to her being overlooked.

Now if a convention of old bachelors were to assemble to discuss the reasons why there are so many old maids we might get some facts worth hearing, and if someone would only persuade the old maids of Livingston County, N.Y., or any other county, to go into joint session with the old bachelors and widowers, much useful information and probably a number of weddings would be the result. It is odd, isn't it, how many old bachelors marry widows, and how many widows marry old maids, while it is a rarity to hear of an old bachelor marrying an old maid? It seems to require experience on one side of the house or the other to induce those who have lived a long time single to change their condition. It is not, perhaps, so much a matter of inducing as it is the necessity of either the man or the woman knowing human nature well enough by experience to be able to lead the other to thaw out or stay still long enough to be coaxed over. I believe it would be a good scheme for the

its self-importance, Yankeeedom still asserts its right to everything it can take, and while Canada will act wisely in not stirring up a conflict, this country would be foolish indeed to more than proudly decline a treaty which would only fix our disabilities and make paramount and permanent the Yankee side of every question which is in dispute.

If one man owned Canada and one man owned the United States a bargain might be made, but when corporations own the United States and organized trusts and ruthless combinations have more power than the President or Congress, the Dominion would be mad indeed to play with the loaded dice which are offered. Canadians are not Cubans and Great Britain is not Spain, and it is to be hoped that before this page is printed the Canadian Commissioners will either have a treaty, be at home or on their way to Ottawa.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., has this week been received by the elect at the Albany Club and will find an enthusiastic welcome at the smoking concert to be held in the Pavilion on the 22nd inst. Everyone admires a vigorous man, and when an old war-horse who has almost reached four-score years looms up as the head of a party, with unbroken spirit and undaunted courage, he certainly deserves the applause of his followers. The affair on the 22nd, however, is one of unusual interest, and reflects considerable credit on the executive ability of Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, the president of the Third Ward Conservatives, who has organized an evening's entertainment with Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Clarke Wallace as the two chief attractions. Looking at it as an outsider it would seem to mean that these hitherto more or less hostile leaders have buried the hatchet and determined to make war on their common enemy, the Grit.

While Hon. Clarke Wallace is an exceedingly popular man in his constituency, and one of the most indefatigable political workers in the Dominion, he is not noted for any tendency to forgive those who have declared war upon him. As the Conservative faction led by Sir Charles took some pains to have Clarke Wallace opposed and vilified in the last general elections, it must be that the ex-Controller of Customs has been overcome by a wave of forgiveness or he would not appear in the same programme with a leader whose right to the title was at one time sharply disputed by the Member for West York. Another explanation perhaps may suit the circumstances, and that is that Sir Charles Tupper more thoroughly understands the situation in this district than he did in '96. Returning from Great Britain, where he had so long been High Commissioner, he listened, naturally enough, to the advice of those who for too long a period had been regarded as the official Conservative manipulators of Ontario. It can hardly be imagined that he now has the same faith in the men who wrecked the party as he had when he sanctioned their continuance in office after everybody but himself had discovered that everything was going to the bow-wow. What, then, does this love feast mean? Is Clarke Wallace abandoning his position or is Sir Charles in his general reorganization of the party recognizing the fact that the ex-Controller of Customs is the strongest Conservative in Ontario? It can hardly be interpreted as a rapprochement between Clarke Wallace and his old-time enemies, and therefore it must mean that in the new deal in Ontario some of the old manipulators are to be left out. Reorganization, as I remarked last week, is a difficult and sometimes a dangerous operation, but nevertheless it is absolutely necessary to party harmony. It is better to have a few men grinding their teeth on the outside than to have those same men grinding the heart out of the organization on the inside.

Everyone will watch the love feast between Sir Charles and Hon. Clarke Wallace with interest. One represents everything that is egotistical and forceful in politics, while the other stands for stalwartism, unyielding adherence to an idea, and the sacrifice of temporary advantages to the maintenance of the position of "No Surrender." Politics make it necessary for political leaders to submit to strange bed-fellows. Adversity also is quoted as liable to make one uninquisitive when a stranger creeps under the blanket. Bearing these facts in mind we will all listen with deep interest while the leading horn-blowers of the reorganized band play the old tunes and perhaps try a few new ones.

Talking about reorganization, the Montreal exploits of the leader of the Conservative party are not standing the white light which beats around great political pandemics. In the first place, Mr. Dansereau's resignation as postmaster of Montreal has failed to materialize, and at the moment of writing it looks very much as if the story was started to advertise ex-Editor Dansereau and the proprietor of *La Presse*. It does not appear to be quite the thing for Mr. Dansereau to be traveling about with the editor of *La Presse* to get ideas with regard to the new building and new machinery and a new outfit generally, while he is Postmaster of Montreal, and there are those who say that they will never believe that his resignation will be handed in until it is on file in the Postmaster-General's department.

With regard to the heroic sacrifice of Mr. Dalby, who was said to have thrown up his position as editor of the *Montreal Star* to become the organizer of the English-speaking Conservatives of Quebec, those who have canvassed the situation closely contend that Mr. Hugh Graham, the proprietor of the *Star*, has loaned Mr. Dalby to make a big hog-killing for the Conservative party in Montreal, and that the whole business is more or less of a fake. If the great moral courage of the movement is to be sapped in this manner as soon as the information with regard to heroic deeds is canvassed, the moral effect can be but trivial. However, the situation right here at home is to be taken apart and put together again by the Conservative leader very shortly, and the sun will not have set on the operation before everybody in Toronto will know whether the party is being reorganized, or whether there is a big effort being made to jolly the old crowd into line with a big blast of wind. If this impression is left on the public mind the convention will begin with handshakes and the rubbing of noses, and end with hair-pullings and a chewing of one another's ears. And the result in West Huron will have an effect!

THE League of the Maple Leaf is to be the name of the new organization to perpetuate the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald and to assist in holding the Conservative party together. The name is not altogether a fair one, for the maple leaf is the emblem of all the Canadian people, and it is not wise that any faction should assume to be the embodiment of all Canadian patriotism or to be privileged to exclusively wear the emblem which should be common to all and never suggestive of



BLACKFEET IN A BLIZZARD.

From a painting by Mr. John Innes.

many of them day after day, and the Tampa expedition is the excuse. This sort of thing would be bad enough without putting into the children's hands twaddle about the ladies of Florida having fallen in love with half-grown lads who are perhaps away from their home-nest for the first time and are too young to be the subjects of love-talk, as the children who read the mush are too young to have such erotic notions instilled into them.

AM not a dog fancier, and I have often wondered why so many people become the willing but unpaid chamber-maids or valets for dogs which are a nuisance to everybody but their owners. One of the editors of *Harper's Weekly* in the last issue so exactly voiced my opinion that I quote a paragraph of his article:

It is delightful to think how clean the cities will be when the changes already fast progressing are complete, and the horseless wagon has driven out the horse. Nice people must remember, however, that cities have other means of defilement besides the horse, and that the great work of dismissing filth from the sidewalks will still be incomplete until some genius has attained to the solution of the problem of the dogless dog. The natural dog, designed by the Creator, is like the natural horse, a delightful creature in the country, and fit to be the friend of rural man; but for street use in town the dogless dog is one of the most vicious of the time. No doubt we shall have him presently, but meanwhile, even if we get rid of the horse, we must walk circumspectly when we walk abroad.

AN old maids' convention, which was obviously a joke, was announced to take place in the Opera Hall at Avon, N. Y., on the 9th inst. The convention was advertised as an organization to represent the mature spinsters of Livingston County, and the purpose was a general discussion of the causes of single blessedness and the conditions surrounding the women who have no men whom they can legitimately treat as if they belonged to them and had no other reason to be let live. Of course no report has come to hand of this novel convention. I can easily imagine that such a gathering might be called together in the spirit of fun; I cannot conceive for a moment that unmarried ladies would ever get further than electing a presiding officer if they did meet. If somebody suggested that the oldest old maid in the crowd should be chairman, or chairwoman (if there be such a word), every nomination would be taken as an insult, and there would be back hair-raising around to burn. If, on the other hand, some lady should suggest that the homeliest or the handsomest lady in the room should occupy the chair, the trouble which would follow would be too horrible to mention. However, let us imagine that they got a presiding officer; the next difficulty would be a secretary, and the ladies would all suspect candidates for that office of being eager to falsify the records, for it must be remembered that no woman will let any other

Government to insist that the unmarried people of every county over a certain age, including widows and widowers who have been bereaved for a reasonably long time, should meet and discuss the marriage question at least once per annum. This would prevent people becoming habitually shy, and many cases of solitary and unhappy old age would be avoided. While the Government takes so much pains in making everybody get married according to rule, some effort should be made to marry them once at least, and to find out why marriage year after year is becoming less popular and less prolific. Father Fallon of Ottawa has spoken of it, and though the old maids' convention at Avon may be only a joke, yet the tendency of civilization to produce so many old maids and old bachelors and so few babies, is one which should not pass unnoticed.

HOW it may seem to those who are engaged in the negotiations at Washington we are not yet privileged to know, but the Canadian High Commission will soon begin to be considered too "high" for Canadians if it prolongs its uneasy stay in the capital of Yankeeedom. There are a great many things to be done in Canada which Canadians would like to see their Premier and leading men return home and attend to. The Commission threatens to be a failure and the Commissioners should not be ashamed to confess themselves unwilling to wound our pride by staying longer or to sacrifice Canadian interests in order to bring home a treaty of some sort. Nothing will please Canadians better than no treaty at all, though it must be confessed that this preference is not born of prudence as much as of prejudice. However much prudence should have to do in the shaping of the life of a young nation, it must not be forgotten that prejudice when it is exercised in watching for unjust demands, must be regarded. It is evident, however, that the United States does not propose to do the fair thing, and has never intended that Canada should get anything but the broken meat left upon the senatorial table, after all the trusts, cliques and corporations have been fed. Canada is not waiting for broken food nor the leavings of any outfit which proposes to dine at our expense while hustling us into the pantry to take whatever is left. It will be a pity if no treaty is made embracing those points which if left unsettled may bring the two countries into collision, but it may well be repeated that we can do very nicely without any arrangement with regard to free lumber, free logs, or free pulp, or, for that matter, free entry into the United States of anything Canadian.

All that is needed is a treaty covering the diplomatic necessities of Canada as a part of Great Britain. That the United States appears unwilling to grant even this is another sickening evidence of the utter selfishness of the republic to the south of us. That Great Britain has kept the hands of nations which loved not the United States from intermeddling with Hispano-American affairs, seems to count for nothing. Bursting with



sectarianism, either political or religious. It is offensive to Canadians to hear the people of the United States arrogate to themselves the name of Americans, for we are all Americans, from the North Pole to Terra del Fuego. For the same reason it will be offensive to Canadians who do not take their politics from Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., nor the Albany Club, to be denied the right of wearing the maple leaf without apparently subscribing to a party creed which they do not accept. Party organizations are only useful so far as they contribute to the good government of a country. They are dangerous and disastrous when they create bitter differences with regard to accepted ideas of patriotism and turn into a partisan meaning that which has been a common emblem. This same political party once claimed the British flag as theirs to the exclusion of the Grits, and this second attempt of a similar sort does them no credit.

JAMES CONNIE, M.P.P., it is said, intends introducing a bill which will force gold mining companies to make a return of the bullion produced in their stamp mills, as is eminently right, and it is to be hoped that the Ontario Government will see it in this light. Mines claiming to produce large amounts are liable to mislead investors. Other mines that are yielding handsomely endeavor to conceal the facts that they may turn their companies into close corporations and grab adjoining properties. The public have a right to know the facts and be given a chance to invest, and to obtain accurate information as to the real status of the companies in which they are invited to put their money.

THE removal of the headquarters of the Canada Life Assurance Company from Hamilton to Toronto was not unexpected, for those holding the majority of shares have for some time been known to favor the transfer. The change, which will require some time for completion, is of course entirely a business rather than a sentimental move. Big financial corporations must have their headquarters where big monetary transactions are carried on. Conspicuously strong men, such as Senator Cox, who have so much to do with the controlling of great concerns, find it to their advantage to live in Toronto, and it would be as unreasonable for Peterborough to bear a grudge against the Senator for leaving them as for Hamilton to be angry at those who insisted that the Canada Life should be managed in the city where those with the biggest stake in the company can best assist in its management. With \$20,000,000 of assets, large portions of which are annually requiring investment or re-investment, no mere sentiment of attachment felt by the shareholders for Hamilton could make it look reasonable that the business should be done at a disadvantage. Toronto is the headquarters of numerous institutions whose businesses aggregate many millions of dollars every year. Those looking for money look to Toronto rather than to Hamilton, and laying aside all local prejudices, the change should be one meeting the approval of the level-headed business men who have had the good fortune to be shareholders in the Canada Life.

The Canada Life has a very handsome building in Toronto which has never been a great financial success, but which will make splendid headquarters for the company. Senator Cox, who is so largely interested in the company, has had much to do with making it a success. His son, E. W. Cox, who is admittedly one of the cleverest young men in the life insurance business, will add strength to the central management. Mr. Ramsay will remain at the head of the concern and his distinguished ability will not be lost, but no company is wise which does not prepare successors for those who have grown gray in the service. For these reasons and many others the shareholders of the Canada Life, as well as the citizens of Toronto, should feel glad that the transfer is to be made. It seems a pity that some of the newspaper writers of this city take occasion when anything is removed from Hamilton to Toronto, for ill-natured and profitless jeering. It is a foolish thing, looking at it from a purely local standpoint, to make it difficult for large concerns to transfer themselves to this city lest the city or town which loses a much-thought-of enterprise be made to feel sick and sore by being crowded over and laughed at. It is only in spite of such senseless conduct that Toronto is continually gaining large concerns which are not moving here because they have any special love for Toronto, but on account of the irresistible tendency of the times towards the collecting together and the amalgamation of concerns which involve immense capital. If great loan companies such as are amalgamating in Toronto are forced to forget many old employees and directors who have been with them for many years, in order to cut down expenses and to increase their strength, Hamilton can well afford to pass with a sigh of regret the loss of the Canada Life headquarters.

### The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

### Impertinences in Public Places

The theater hat—Franklin Gadsby.

The theater hat is not a distinct species. It is an ordinary hat which would arouse no comment on the street; transferred to the theater and worn obstinately through a five-act play, it arouses rancor and profanity and a hundred angry passions. I have noticed that men drink more in those theaters where the theater hat prevails. The man who plays peek-a-boo with the stage for two hours and a half will take as many chances as he can to drown his sorrow. In this aspect of the case the theater hat deserves the attention of the W.C.T.U. I have sometimes wondered at the mood of the woman who refuses a polite request to remove her hat in the theater. What an unamiable ego! What discourtesy! What selfishness! Moreover, what an imprudence! The man who is debarré of seeing the play will rest his weary eyes on the hat that obstructs his view. At first he is too dazed for criticism, but presently malicious fancies assail him. He begins to notice that the hat is a cheap affair, that the plumes are not properly curled, that the colors are not harmonious, that, in short, the hat is the tawdry climax of a barbarous female. From the hat his gaze wanders to the hair. It is coarse in texture, it is not the right hue, it has not been well dressed, it does not conceal the lady's large ears and her scrawny neck. Several of my friends have assured me that many women who affect the theater hat are not thorough in their ablutions. The water-mark is distinctly visible. Such are the dangers the theater hat invites. As a matter of fact we are not troubled very much with the theater hat in Toronto. There is no city on the continent where the amenities of life are so faithfully observed. We live and let live, and to bring our argument to the matter under discussion, we see the play and let others see the play. My profession makes me a first-nighter. I am generally seated behind another newspaper man, his wife or his sweetheart, consequently I am seldom annoyed by the theater hat.

The bald head—Mack.

That is all very well; the theater hat may be a thing of the past, but now that the ladies have disdained their glorious heads the heads of the men are thrown into bad contrast. Conceive if you can the feelings of a gentle and refined schoolmistress seated in the theater behind a bald and apologetic saloon keeper. Imagine the play a comedy and the stout man a laughing with the hot flushes chasing each other up, over and down his burnished head, as he chokes and splutters. A head so nude should be draped. I am conscious of impropriety in even mentioning it in the polite society of this club, but somebody must speak out, and I have to suggest that the ladies who remove their hats should lend them to the bald men, thus exposing the beautiful and concealing the unsightly. I beg to refer this suggestion to the Guild of Civic Art. If it were thought better to require wigs, that would content me. Something must be done. Just because a few nostrums have failed to restore the hair, do these men propose ever to flaunt their barren polls in the very face of society? I would say to Inspector Archibald that I have seen one of them—name can be had if desired—sitting directly in front of a row of young ladies from a well known boarding-

school who were witnessing an otherwise harmless French comedy at the Grand Opera House.

The impudent waiter—C.

It is tempting Providence to complain of light and airy trifles like the theater hat and the bald head, when every day the easy familiarity, the worthless memory, and the cold glare of the average waiter in our hotels and restaurants are crushing out the happiness of half our population. He embodies, to my view, all the vices of modern democracy—its insolence, its incapacity, its capricious irresponsibility. He has upset pudding-sauce on my evening coat; he has poured soup down the back of my neck; he has brought sheer impertinence to a more exact stage than a paying-teller; he answers, in every particular, the description given of Mr. Pickwick in the breach of promise suit: "a being erect upon two legs, bearing the outward semblance of a man and not of a monster." I feel that if I ever stand before the bar of justice it will be for killing a waiter, and I contend that the sixth commandment was never intended to apply to such a case. I shall address the jury myself, and feel perfectly confident that the verdict will be: "Justifiable homicide."

Late comers—Adolphe Smith

Speaking of annoyances in public places, one of the most unpardonable nuisances is the person who does not know enough to come in at the appointed time. Punctuality is said to be the politeness of kings. This country's growth of kings is not prolific. How is it that there is such a lamentable want of good breeding? A man may be excused for using his knife for purposes generally reserved for the fork, and no very serious objection can be made to his treating the butter-knife as a high-toned superfluity, provided he first wipes his own on his bread. In such little rules of independent individuality, while he transgresses the rules of polite society he does not interfere with the rights of others. The person who enters a public place of entertainment after the proceedings have commenced shows either an ignorance of his duty towards his neighbor or a wilful borish impertinence deserving of expulsion. The purchase of a seat conveys no privilege to disturb the pleasure of others or in any way disconcert the performers. A square-toed No. 10 boot vigorously applied has been known to exercise an effective educational influence. The heroine of the drama with all the magnetic power of her art is carrying her audience into airy flights of poetic fancy, when in strut a pair of red-faced, pompous, puffing porpoises to their seats, and those entrancing and artistic flights flop to the floor like a sheep's pluck. Politeness is wasted in speaking of such persons. Every description of public meeting is invariably more or less disturbed by the impertinence of those who impose their own selfishness upon the forbearance of their fellows. This club will be performing a most useful service to society if it pillories the draggart slouches who apparently know not the politeness of punctuality.

A proposal re the encore fiend—Charlesworth.

The class of public nuisance of which I have made the closest study is that breed of swine collectively known as the "encore fiend." The animal is to be identified chiefly by his glittering eye and large hairy paws. The common, or garden type, is also red in the face; has large, protuberant ears and a bristly poll often partially subdued by an approximation toward a "cow-liek." His ears, with their extensive soundings-boards, serve to inform him of the proper time to interrupt any concert performer with applause. This, according to his thinking, is during any of the softer passages of a composition, or at some point where a vocalist is sustaining a note and the ordinary concert-goer most wishes to listen. The "encore fiend's" chief boast is that he loves music. This is said out of the deceitfulness of his heart; he hates music with a hate that is deadly. He lives to destroy it, as is apparent in the glee he displays at any travesty on good music and the vigorous manner in which he demands its repetition. Most of all he delights in the bath-room tenor, a special type of vocalist catalogued by Mr. James G. Huncker, who point-out that in every boarding house there is at least one person who, though he be meek and silent as a snail at other times, becomes, when locked in the fastness of the bath-room, a bold and furious vocalist, bleating out the emotions of his soul in a wabbling falsetto. When the bath-room tenor goes on the concert platform (as frequently happens) he obtains the special protection of the encore fiend. Otherwise he would die of neglect, whereas in Toronto he flourishes like a green bay tree. As a humanitarian I do not advocate capital punishment for the encore fiend. He, indeed, may develop into a useful citizen, in the newspaper-obituary sense. His desire to get double his money's worth indicates a quality of greed that may in time enable him to accumulate enough of other men's goods to make him "a credit to his country and himself." But to lessen the sufferings of others I would have special concert halls for his use, furnished with tom-toms and foot-drums to enable him to interrupt with greater dynamic effect, and for his delight bath-room tenors should bleat, raucous German basses should roar, and xylophone players should hammer out melody. These he can have and welcome, for I don't want them.

The poets on bores—John Lewis.

I would not enter on my list of friends, though blessed with polished manners and fine sense, yet wanting sensibility, the man who needlessly sets foot upon a bore. This misquotation from Cowper occurs to me in this connection. Also the following from Chevy Chase:

To drive the bore with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that was unborn  
The hunting of that day.

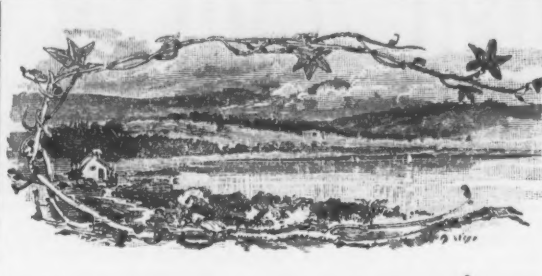
These things seem to show that the poets are opposed to this crusade against bores.

### Social and Personal.

MISS MOWAT will not hold her usual Thursday afternoon receptions during Lent. During the season Miss Mowat has received an immense number of callers, and everyone has been made welcome in a very pleasant way. Mrs. Fred Mowat, who resides in Government House, Mrs. Arthur Mowat of Prince Arthur avenue, and several guests, have received with the hostess from time to time, and the family party has always been a unit in kind care and solicitude for the comfort of everyone. The appointment of Captain James Elmley as A.D.C. was a happy occurrence, for he makes a most able and personable escort to the representatives of O. G. M., as that cheeky London paper, "The red un," calls the first lady in Christendom.

On Monday evening a select little party heard a rehearsal of the Male Chorus Club, and noticed immediately the excellent quality of the voices this year. Grippe, frigid weather or any other cause, does not seem to have marred their sweetness and resonance. Mr. Tripp, gracefully waving his baton, has added magnetism, and another little twinkle in his eye, they are whispering the reason here and there. By the way, Mr. Tripp is an Emil Sauer enthusiast of deepest dye, and promises us a famous treat when the great pianist plays at the Male Chorus Club's concert on March 2.

Mrs. Mulock, assisted by her eldest unmarried daughter, received a great crowd of friends at a tea last Monday. The spacious house being none too large for their reception. The hostess wore a sumptuous gown of emerald and white brocade over a trained skirt of emerald velvet, and some magnificent diamonds fastening the soft embroidered chiffon and lace of the guimpe. Miss Mulock was in dove gray poplin, with white satin petticoat and vest. Mrs. McDowall Thompson, Mrs. William Mulock, Jr., Miss Cawthra of Gulesley House and Miss Rosamond Boulton of Iver House assisted in the tea-room, where a superb floral decoration in spring blossoms by the basketful glorified the elegantly served buffet, upon which McConkey had spread a perfect repast. The catering, when this up-to-date firm are given carte blanche, would not be behind the most chic efforts of Gotham, and is most creditable to Toronto. We have not had a jollier tea this winter than Mrs. Mulock's, nor have merrier jest and more convulsing stories been passed about. Instead of the usual strident gabble of the



five o'clocker, one would see groups of women listening with sparkling eyes and parted lips, and then ripples of laughter would burst upon the talk and mingle with sweet plucking of mandolin and strumming of harp-strings. Just before the last guests could tear themselves away a rosy, hearty boy—young Cawthra Mulock—was shaking hands with some old friends and deprecating his informal garb and sudden invasion from the hockey rink. Young Cawthra is interesting to many from his heirship of the millions of his great-aunt, Mrs. Cawthra Murray, but no one would detect a particle of consciousness of gilded prospects in the jolly boy who was so taken up with his hockey and boyish sports. Among Mrs. Mulock's guests were: Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Cawthra of Gulesley House, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. George A. Cox, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss Bee Robertson, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. and Miss Marion Barker, Miss Perkins, Mrs. and Miss Semerville, Miss Edgar, Miss and Miss Lena Thompson, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. William Davidson, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, Mrs. and the Misses King, Miss McKellar, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Miss Jessie Denison, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. D. Ridout, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Mrs. R. S. Grant, Mrs. and Miss Brodie, Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Ellis, and Miss Hill. The exquisite silver-gray satin and silver embroideries worn by Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. James Crowther's smart and becoming frock, Mrs. Grant's black, touched with scarlet satin, were admired.

The teas of the past week have been many and often. On Thursday, February 17, Mrs. Irwin of Willcock street gave a very pretty and jolly tea to a number of ladies. The hostess received in a white silk gown, with sleeves and guimpe of chiffon strapped with black ribbon velvet, and her cosy home was very nicely arranged for the guests' best comfort. D'Alessandro's men played in the hall and the gathering of friends was a very pleasant one. At the buffet, which was daintily set and decorated with fresh odorous flowers, Mrs. R. S. Graham of the Junction and a party of assistants were perfect waitresses and most kind and coaxing to the would-be abstemious, who had their dinner-consciences with them. The fine little children, daughter and son, of the hostess, were much admired by all.

Miss Temple Dixon's recital is next Friday's event, and in addition to the programme offered by Miss Beverly Robinson, Miss Ada S. Hart and the fair benefactress, a short society sketch, Sir Charles Young's clever *monologue*, Peticoat Perfidy, will be presented. It is a story of woman's treachery punished, and has three characters in the cast—Mrs. Montrevor, (a lady half in and half out of the smart set), by Mrs. Grayson Smith, nee Chadwick; Mrs. Norwood Jones, (an ambitious *nouveau riche*), by Miss Constance Boulton, and Juliette, Mrs. Montrevor's French maid, by Miss Temple Dixon. A very snappy and interesting trio, and they will present a splendid sketch.

The Grenadiers' last assembly was most successful, and once more society bows its thanks to the indefatigable hosts of the scarlet. Guests in smartest uniforms came from Stanley Barracks, Highland kilts swung in the waltz and two-step, blue of Hussar and Body Guard were on hand, and rifle green, the naggiest thing in military togs, was also much in evidence. The dance began on time, for there used to be a tradition that these assemblies closed at one o'clock, and the programme with inevitable encores was just a trifle over four hours, but when double encores are the rule one o'clock is a fiction. "The last dance of the season," sighed beaux and belles, and they made the most of it while they could. The music was excellent, the floor in prime condition, and the supper plentiful and well served by Albert Williams. The Knights of the Round Table, with their ladies, took supper in state at the famous circular board, which was glorified with many red candles twinkling out of a huge silver candelabrum. Many interesting guests turned up for this dance, birds of passage, getting a delightful impression of Toronto from the panorama of fine women and brave men passing and repassing the dais. Colonel Bruce was host *par excellence*, his sweet wife doing the honors with much unaffected cordiality. Everyone mourned the absence of the secretary and his dainty wife, whose places no one can fill, and whose sorrow damped the enjoyment of many at the dance. A jolly Englishman talking politics, literature and polite small talk with equal success was Mr. W. J. P. Monckton, publisher of *Black and White*, and his criticisms of the merry scene were all compliments. Mr. Monckton returns to England very soon, after a lively time out here, and with a good word for the new country. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey of London brought their sweet young daughter, Miss Gwendolyn, who is such a favorite wherever she goes, and also Miss Jessie Rowand, whose "auntship" is such a far less appropriate relationship to the winning English girl than a "sistership" would be. Charming Mrs. Harrison of St. John, N. B., was greeted with much pleasure by many friends, old and new, who regret that her stay here is so short. She wore a lovely gown of peach color, with hands of green velvet lace and blackbirds; and she and her handsome husband were the admired of many observers. Miss Merritt, who has graced society this season, was pretty as a picture on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Forester in an exquisitely fitting blue brocade and Mrs. Sutton in pale green brocade were very smart young matrons with their soldier husbands in the dapper scarlet of the R. C. Dragoons. Mrs. Russell, always fascinating, was in a transparent gown of black net over white with long sleeves, the gown encrusted with sprays of point lace. Spacelacks for a list of the pretty frocks and their smiling wearers. It was a most enjoyed and appreciated dance, the third R. G. Assembly of '98-99, and though there was a very large attendance the crowding was not noticeable. The mildness of the night made the palm house a favorite place for the cosy *tele-a-tele* of those who did not dance.

The Misses Eeles of Buffalo are visiting Miss Florence Coulter of Huron street. This afternoon Mrs. Coulter gives a tea in honor of her daughter's friends. Mr. Deane has had a most successful concert trip to Peterboro' and Lindsay, where he played to enthusiastic audiences on Friday and Saturday, and was entertained on Sunday by Mrs. Hughes, wife of the Member for Lindsay. The Saturday Sketch Club will meet at Miss McConnell's studio this afternoon at half-past two, instead of at Miss Belcher's. The reunion at Mrs. Farrer's on March 25 will not take place, as it falls in Easter holiday week. Mrs. Strange of Orde street, who has been ill, is happily recovering her health. Miss Selvely, lady superintendent of the General Hospital, is also recovering from a severe illness. Mr. Bradley O'Reilly, son of Dr. O'Reilly, T. G. H., is a victim of gripe.

A very regal garment is to be worn for the first time by Mrs. Fiske in Magda this evening at the Toronto Opera House. It is a carriage robe of black silk velvet, opening with great jet embroidered revers over a gown of black satin, completely covered with jet embroidery. The order was given to Stitt, and the star is well pleased with the way it has been completed. By the way, an incident of the Wednesday night presentation of Tess will long linger in the minds of some of the audience. When Alee D'Urberville enters, drunk and weary, and taunts Tess with her shame, a sturdy member who had listened to him in evident perturbation shouted, "You're a damn brute!" to the sudden startling of the people near him.

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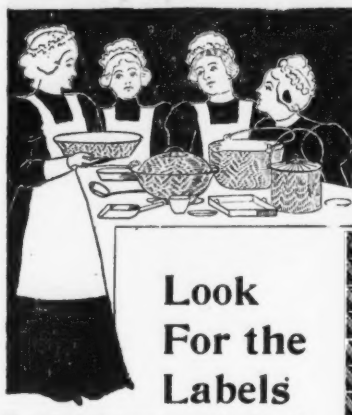


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### Social and Personal.

THE engagement of Mr. Frank Ford and Miss Nora Sampson is announced. Mr. Whyte, C. P. R., and Mrs. Whyte have been this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving of 246 Huron street. Miss Marion Wilkie is visiting friends at the capital. Last week a dance was given by Mrs. W. J. Anderson in honor of Miss Wilkie. Miss Amy Douglas on Tuesday and Miss Falconbridge on Thursday were two of the young hostesses who gave luncheons for girl friends this week. Just a score of young folks' luncheons were given in town between Thursday and Thursday of last week. Next Thursday evening the Misses Hedley give a large progressive at their home in St. Joseph street. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie and Mrs. Wm. Galbraith gave teas, at which most of society's prominent people were present. Mrs. D. L. Gordon, who left for Gotham on Wednesday, gave a farewell musical on Monday evening, which was more than enjoyed by her guests. Miss Scott and Miss Buck are this afternoon's hostesses for a tea at their delightful home in Parkdale. Mr. Percy Henderson of Dovercourt road, son of Mr. Elmes Henderson, has gone to Montreal in banking circles. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McDougall have left the Arlington and are en pension at 32 John street. Mrs. Harrison and Miss Harrison of Halifax have paid a visit of about a fortnight to Toronto, where Capt. Harrison has been for some time taking a course at Stanley Barracks. They were very much admired guests at the Grenadiers' dance on Shrove Tuesday. A Valentine dinner of eight covers was a bright affair given at the New Coleman on Shrove Tuesday, which was also St. Valentine's Day, to a party of congenial people. The menu was inscribed on the backs of the traditional old-fashioned valentines, and Mardigras pudding (pancakes) contained the orthodox ring, button and piece of money so conclusive as to the fate of their recipients. The guests afterwards attended the Grenadiers' dance. Miss Amy Seton Thompson of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Graeme Stewart, Miss Helen Morrison of Owen Sound, Mr. Frank Hodgins, Mr. Fox, Mr. Ricardo Seaver and Mr. Fred Lister were of the merry party. This afternoon, lectures at Chemical Building, University College, and Convocation Hall, Trinity College, with an afternoon reception at St. Margaret's, to meet Dr. "Habitant" Drummond, the Varsity lecturer, and probably more than one tea at the cosy quarters at Trinity, will be engagements eminently proper wherewith the strictest Lenten penitents may lighten the tedium of their lives.

Miss Frances Sullivan of Kingston is visiting Miss Elizabeth Long of Woodlawn, where she will spend a couple of weeks.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt of Bloor street on Tuesday.

Mrs. Scott's progressive euchre and dance on Thursday of last week was one of the most successful of the season, her pretty new home being well adapted for such gaiety. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Band, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Horricks, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mrs. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown, Miss Birdie Capon, and a number of others.

Dr. and Mrs. Theo. Coleman have gone to Washington for a two weeks' visit. While there Mrs. Coleman will address the Congress of the International Press Union of America on Woman as a War Correspondent. Dr. Coleman will visit Johns Hopkins' Hospital, Baltimore, and renew old acquaintances.

The class of '99 of Victoria College held their farewell reception in the College halls on St. Valentine's night, Feb. 14. One hundred invited guests were present, and the bright costumes of the ladies, set off by the more sombre academic dress of the gentlemen, gave a charming effect to the gaily decorated halls. After a short programme given in Alumni Hall promenade began and was continued until midnight. Refreshments were served in Jackson Hall. Prof. Edgar, honorary president of the class, Mr. Walker, president, with Mrs. Edgar and Misses Reynor and Kyle, received at the door of Alumni Hall, and the different members of the class did their best to entertain their friends. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and all were sorry when it was time to go home.

Mrs. William Roaf's progressive last week, at her home in Spadina road, was a very bright affair, at which a very large number of pleasant people were present. Mrs. Roaf received in a black and green gown trimmed with lace and beige ribbon. The supper-table and rooms were beautifully decorated with pink flowers, and the menu was most recherche. Among the guests present were: Miss Mara, Miss Travers of Berlin, Miss Davidson, Miss Parmenter, Miss B. Bethune, the Misses White, Miss Playfair, Miss Perkins of Lindsay, Miss Mathews, Miss Edith Wood of Hamilton, Mrs. James Roaf, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Wood, Mrs. A. D. Stewart, Messrs. McDougall, Parmenter, Playfair, C. Kingston, P. Edwards, B. Glascoe, B. Campbell, M. Hendrie and T. Burnside.

The last week of the ante-Lenten season has been marked by those sad bereavals which come with a jarring note in our festive whirl. Gentle and fragile Mrs. Arthur Harrison, after a critical operation, found the burden of life too heavy and slipped away to her rest. Those who knew her best loved her best, which is saying all that the dearest friend can say of regret and appreciation of a young and lovable woman, too soon taken from the circle which cherished and now mourns her. Mr. B. B. Hughes, the ruddy, courteous Irish gentleman whose cheery greeting and ready chivalry endeared him to all,

was suddenly snatched from his loved ones at a time particularly sad for them all. A memory comes to me of Island days when Mr. Hughes' family were en pension at Center Island and the kindly father would call his morning greeting to the loungers on the wide balcony, "Good-morning, ladies. Good-morning, gentlemen all!" Head of a singularly lovable and united family and always kind and attentive to his friends, Mr. Hughes' death causes universal regret and sorrow. Mr. Hugh Ryan also has been called from the circle which has known him so long and so well, and to his mourning relatives much sympathy is felt and expressed; his decease was not so unexpected, as he has been an invalid for some time. Particularly mournful was the event which saddened the beautiful home of Captain and Mrs. Albert Gooderham on Monday, when their gentle little son died of heart failure after some weeks of invalidism. Captain Gooderham's manly and generous nature, and his sweet wife's womanly sincerity of character, in addition to the lesser charm of grace and beauty, which has won her so much admiration, have made them a young couple highly valued and well liked in Toronto. From all quarters flow hearty sympathy and kindly thoughts to them in the loss of their bright little son, and many a guest at Tuesday's function found the merriest less real than the sadness at the cause of Captain and Mrs. Gooderham's absence from the event, which owed most of its success to the exertions of its honorary secretary.

Last Monday evening the Misses Scott of 406 Markham street entertained the euchre club of which they are members. The prizes were won by Mrs. Mallock and Miss Patriarche, Mr. R. Crozier and Mr. Sturdee. Those playing were: Mr. and Mrs. Piper, Dr. and Mrs. Mallock, Miss Ritchie, Miss Preator, Mr. and Miss M. Helliwell, Mr. M. Sanson, Miss Holmes, Mr. Sturdee, Mr. Gibson, Miss C. Mason, Mr. Wharton, the Misses Patriarche, Mr. Gagen, Mr. Wenbourne, Miss Crowley of Hamilton, and others. At intermission between cards and dancing, Mr. Wenbourne sang two very pretty songs in good voice.

Mrs. Geo. Bell of 106 St. George street gave a very bright and pretty yellow tea on Friday afternoon of last week. She was assisted in receiving her many friends by Mrs. Henry Smith and Miss Blanche Sproat. In the dining-room, where a bright grate fire and prettily-shaded lamps combined with laughter and girlish voices, a bevy of young people in light muslins attended to the pleasures of all with the many tempting delicacies and good things. Those assisting were Miss Edith Smith, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Kate Strange, Miss A. Douglas and others; and a few of the many guests were: Miss K. Evans, the Misses Macpherson, Miss Ward of New York, Miss Lea, Miss Helen Stranace, Miss Charlotte Mason, the Misses Fuller of Rosedale, the Misses Douglas, Miss King, the Misses Michie.

Last Monday afternoon Mrs. W. A. Wilson of Brunswick avenue was at home to a large number of her friends. She was assisted by Miss Wilson. The former wore a pretty black lace gown, with rows of heliotrope bebe ribbon, and Miss Wilson a most becoming costume of mauve satin, with chiffon sleeves and sash. The tea-table was presided over by Mrs. Smith and her able assistants, Miss Blanche Sproat, Miss Brent, Miss Eva Langtry and Miss Edith Smith. Others present were: Mrs. Alphonsus Jones, Miss Carrie Jones, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. G. Brown, Miss Strange, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Miss Laycock, Mrs. and Miss Perram, Mrs. Hanna, Mrs. Geo. Evans, Miss K. Evans, Miss Charlotte Mason, Miss Bethune, the Misses McVity, Miss V. Berryman, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. M. de S. Wedd, Miss Mabel Helliwell, Mrs. and Miss K. Smith, Miss Michie, Mrs. Grafton, Mrs. Newman, Miss Charlotte Newman, Mrs. Brent, Miss Wyatt, and many others.

A jolly dance was that given by Mrs. Charles Hutchinson at her handsome new home in Wellesley street on Friday night of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson together with their two daughters and their guest, Miss Frances Lawrence of Campbellford, received their friends at the entrance to the spacious drawing-room. D'Alessandro's orchestra furnished excellent music and dancing was kept up until a late hour. The menu was furnished by Williams. The supper room was a bower of beauty and many were the complimentary remarks heard regarding the handsome decorations of pink roses, smilax and large bows of pink satin ribbon which adorned either end of the table. Mrs. Hutchinson wore a handsome gown of fawn colored silk with corsage of lace and touches of blue velvet; Miss Hutchinson was gowned in a dainty creation of white organdie, lace and satin ribbons; Miss Edna Hutchinson, the younger daughter of the house, wore a pretty little frock of white India silk with trimmings of lace and beige ribbon; Miss Lawrence, who is the guest of Mrs. Hutchinson, was attired in a gown of black satin and blue chiffon with large crimson roses. The dance was pronounced by all present to be one of the most successful of the season.

Mrs. William Oliver of Halifax has been for the past week on a visit to her parents, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Hodgins gave an afternoon tea in her honor at her home in Pombroke street, when many old and new friends had an opportunity of greeting Mrs. Oliver most cordially.

Some of the pleasant people at University conversation were: Mrs. W. N. Irwin, in cream silk and lace, with black velvet shoulder straps; Miss Carruthers, cream silk; Miss Lampert, white satin and chiffon; Miss Charlotte Mason, Nile green satin and pearl embroidery; Miss Jones, cream silk and beige ribbon; Mrs. W. Chisholm, pink silk, with grey silk skirt; Miss A. Hutchins, black lace; Miss Allan, black satin, with cream satin trim-

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ming; Mr. and Mrs. H. Dunn, Miss Playter, Mr. Holmsted, Mr. W. Mulock, Miss Harrison, Miss Stanley of Woodstock, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. A. H. Birmingham, Miss Merrick, Mr. D. A. Madill, Mr. Jack Chisholm, Mr. Holford Ardagh of Barrie, Miss Kinnear, Dr. Webster, Mr. King, Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. G. Wade, Mr. Alfred Mickle.

The season's brides were well represented at the Argonauts' dance, and in their stately robes divided the honors with the dainty debutantes. The visiting girls also came in for a large share of attention. Several came down from Hamilton, amongst others bright little Miss Agnes Dunlop and a couple of this year's buds. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan were warmly welcomed on all sides. Mrs. Morgan as bright and attractive as when scarcely a year ago she was one of Toronto's most charming girls.

Baroness Von Sellet (formerly Miss Eva L. Browne) of New York has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. S. Browne of the Avonmore, 276 Jarvis street.

Miss Frances M. Lawrence of Campbellford is the guest of Miss Alice Hutchinson of 231 Wellesley street.

### Personal Notes from the Capital

MOST delightful from its extreme novelty was the "dinner dance" at Rideau Hall on Thursday evening. From first to last it was a great success, and many were the regrets when the inevitable hour for wraps and carriages arrived. In the handsome dining-room dinner was served at a number of little tables, each seating eight people. On each was a dainty centerpiece, with bunches of white and red roses. After dinner dancing took place in the ball-room, to the excellent music supplied by the Guards' orchestra. Supper was served in the Racquet Court at twelve. Lady Minto looked, as usual, very pretty in a smart gown of black satin. Lady Evelyn Cavendish was in white satin, wearing some magnificent diamonds. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot, wearing pretty frocks of white satin, appeared in the ball-room for a short time after dinner. Among the many people present were: Misses Powell, Sparks, Ritchie, Hamilton, Patteson of Toronto, Fletcher, Burrows, Crombie, Smith, Lavergne, Burn, Griffin, Stewart, Lemoine, Anderson, Thistle, and Col. Drury, Messrs. Adamson, Smellie, Secretan, Bentley, Taylor, O'Brien, Buckle, Fleming, Lavergne, Scott and Capt. Bell. The house party consisted of: Lady Sybil Beauclerk, Major and Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Gillespie Muir, Mr. Guise, Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Victor and Lady Evelyn Cavendish, who bid adieu to Ottawa the following day, leaving for New York, from where they took steamer for England.

A gay ensemble of charming maidens and handsome cavaliers was that which graced Mrs. W. J. Anderson's jolly dance on Friday evening last. It was given in honor of Mrs. Anderson's pretty visitor from Toronto, Miss Wilkie; also of the house party were Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Angus and Miss Clouston from Montreal. In the library, Mrs. Anderson, wearing a handsome gown of black and yellow, received her guests. Dancing took place in the ball-room with its ideal dancing floor of hard oak. A dainty supper was served at midnight in the bank below. Among the admirers of the admired was Miss Wilkie in white satin with trimmings of lace and chiffon.

The engagement is announced this week of Miss Winnifred Dawson, daughter of Dr. Dawson, the Queen's Printer, to Mr. Charles Lewis of the Merchants' Bank. The marriage is to take place in June.

To many in Toronto as well as in Ottawa will the news come with surprise of the marriage of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. E. G. Prior. The ceremony was performed in Victoria Saturday week. The bride is Mrs. Kennedy, a daughter of the late Capt. J. Wright.

Mrs. Hayter Reed, formerly one of the most brilliant members of Ottawa society, is up from Montreal on a visit.

Mrs. Gerald was the hostess at a very successful At Home on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Langmuir of Toronto, who is her guest at present.

Mrs. Gillespie Muir of Montreal left for home on Tuesday after a week's visit at Rideau Hall.  
Bright with the combination of handsome uniforms, costly gowns and flashing

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BRITTLE?  
or SCANTY?

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IS YOUR REMEDY  
A toilet requisite not a dye.  
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Prevents hair from falling.  
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Special rates to Whist  
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and shoulders are what few women are endowed with. How are yours? If they are thin, yellow and angular, consult our expert mass-use who will advise you free of charge just what is necessary to make them round and plump.  
Superb Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for our handsome books, "Health and Good Looks" and "How to be Beautiful."

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jewels and echoing with the strains of sweet music was stately old Earncliffe on Monday evening. The occasion was the very charming dance given by Mrs. Edward Hutton, the second function which this popular hostess has given since her arrival in Ottawa. The officers were all in mess dress, an exceedingly becoming uniform. There were a number of strangers present at this dance, including Mrs. Gillespie Muir of Montreal, Capt. Leslie of Kingston and Capt. Ogilvy of Quebec. Mrs. Hutton, looking the grande dame to perfection, was in white brocade satin trimmed with turquoise blue; Lady Sybil Beauclerk wore white silk; Mrs. Drummond was much admired in a smart gown of taffeta silk covered with silver sequins. In her hair she wore a tiara of magnificent diamonds. Lady Laurier wore heliotrope satin trimmed with lace. Mrs. Dobell looked very handsome in black velvet, the bodice trimmed with point lace. Altogether the dance was one of the smartest and jolliest which the smart world has attended for a long time.

Lady Laurier was the hostess at a most enjoyable luncheon on Monday. The table was daintily decorated with tulips and carnations. Those present included: Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Belcourt, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. Gemmill, Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Spaulding of New York.  
Ottawa, Feb. 14, 1899.

## Turn Over a New Leaf

Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.  
One of those convenient little Soup Squares of high quality (Lazenby's) makes 1 1/2 pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

## Lazenby's Soup Squares

Made in England, but sold Everywhere.

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ARE THE BEST  
They need no trumpet blast to proclaim their worthiness to the world. The graceful, Parisian modeled "Queen Moo" captures the hearts of stylish women, its short-length effect making it a universally becoming garment.



Gives an unrivalled roundness to the waist; can be worn by the long or the short-waisted.  
Ask for the "Queen Moo."  
Sold in all the Dry Goods.

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Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist.  
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# REMORSE.

Translated for "Saturday Night" by J. M. F., from the French of Paul Bourget.

I HAD gone to the club on leaving the theater, and stopped for a while before the baccarat table. I looked on, perched on one of those high chairs for the use of players who haven't found a place at the table, or for curious on-lookers like myself. It was what might be called an interesting game. The banker, a handsome young man in evening dress, with a white rose in his button-hole, had lost about eight thousand dollars, but his dissipated face of twenty-five years hardly betrayed any emotion. Only he would not, from the corner of his mouth, from which fell the oft-repeated words: "I give...cards...Baccarat...that's the point..." have chewed with so much nervousness the end of an unlighted cigar. If the chill frenzy of the game had not been pressing upon his heart. Opposite him, a white-haired individual, a gambler by profession, was keeping the count, and was undisguisedly showing his ill humor towards the victim, who, hand after hand, was lessening the pile of chips before him. On the other hand, the most joyful levity brightened the faces of his opponents, who, seated around the table, threw down the stakes, and marked on a piece of paper with the end of a lead pencil the alternations of luck—that superstition that makes one believe in fate apportioning winning cards, to which the least superstitious cannot help falling as faith as soon as his hands touch a card. What philosopher will explain that, too, the feeling of inertia coming after midnight which, in Paris, causes so many people to come together, no matter where, but always away from home, where they might rest from work and pleasures? For my part, I do not regret having yielded that night to the unhealthy carnal of nocturnalism, for had I been going home at a respectable hour, I would not have met in the restaurant, attached to the card-room, my old comrade, the painter Fremiot, about to drink a cup of tea alone at his little table. He would not have proposed to take me home in his carriage, and I would not have heard him tell the story which I transcribed the best I could the next day, and which he gave me permission to relate in my turn, pen in hand.

"What the deuce were you doing at the club after midnight?" he asked me, "since you were not dining?" "I was looking at little Playeur," I answered him. "I left him Lauree going a pace. He lost about ten thousand." The coupe jolted as I pronounced these words. I saw clearly the profile of Fremiot, who was lighting his cigarette with that air of Francis, the Francis of Tiliat at the Louvre—whose beauty forty-five years had only amplified, or, as it were, rounded. Isn't it rather strange that, with his breadth of shoulders, fullness of chest, and this outward guise of eager, almost greedy, sensuality, this giant continues the most delicate, the most ethereal, of our painters of flowers? I must add, too, that the most musical, sweet voice issues from this gigantic form, and that his hands—I noticed it again, while they were handling the match and cigarette—have an almost feminine delicacy. I know, besides, by experience, that this grenadier is exquisite in narration, and I was not much astonished at the melancholy confidence involuntarily called forth by the few words I had said about the game. He had, fortunately, sufficient time to communicate this confidence to me in detail. In proportion as we approached the Seine the fog thickened, and our carriage advanced at a walk, while my companion related to me his recollections of a story, the events of which are already shaded by the fast. The fantastic outline of other couples, which crossed ours in that thick, almost black, mist, broken in places by gas-lamps, added, no doubt, to that impression of the past to which our artist abandoned himself, for his voice gradually became gentler and lower, as if, in spirit, he were going further and further from me, who interrupted him just enough to excite his memory.

"I have never," he began, "played more than once, and believe me, I could not to-day even look at a game. There are even times, you know, when one's nerves are not in place, when the very sight of a card forces me to leave the room. Ah! It's because it represents to me that single game, such a terrible remembrance..." "Who hasn't such?" I interrupted. "There is always a little tragedy around cards, and crimes, and dishonor, and suicides. But all that does not prevent one from going back, as they do at the bull-fights in Spain. In spite of the disemboweled horses, the wounded picadores, and the mutilated bull."

"That may be," returned Fremiot, "but you need not, yourself, be the cause of one of those tragedies, and that's what happened to me. Oh! In very simple circumstances. But when I shall have told you them, you will understand how the most innocent of games inflicts on me that little shiver of horror that a man, who might accidentally have killed another while cleaning his gun, would feel before a game-preserve. It was the year I joined the club, in 1875, and that, too, of my first success at the Salon."

"Your 'Ophelia Among Flowers'?" Yes, I remember it. I still see the bunch of roses, of a color so light and pale, so tender, and then on her heart those dark roses, as it were, dyed in blood—who has that picture now?" "An American," said the painter, sighing, deeply. "He paid eight thousand dollars for it, while I sold it for three hundred at that time; believe me, I don't say this to boast of my commercial value...no...only those three hundred dollars are connected with my adventure. Just imagine, I had never before had, at one time, such a sum. My early efforts were so fruitless. I had come to Paris from my native town with a supply of two hundred dollars a year, and for six years I was satisfied with it—or nearly."

"But it is impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Perfectly possible," he replied, with visible pride. "Some comrades and myself lived in bachelor's quarters together. A little friend of one of us, who had been a cook—pardon me, but it was thus—prepared two meals a day for us, for nine dollars a month. Three dollars for a room. No extras. I made my bed myself. Altogether, twelve dollars for necessities. Our means were narrow, and I did not know what it was to take a bus. My companions lived in the same way, and we were not really so badly off. There was 'Ladrat,' the sculptor, Sudre, the painter of animals, Rivals the engraver, and then the most talented of us all, the 'sufferer' of our 'sufferers,' as we called them, 'Ladrat.'"

"Ladrat? Ladrat?" I said, searching my memory. "I remember that name." "You have seen it in the papers," continued the painter, whose face darkened, "but I am coming to it. 'This Ladrat, who carried off all the studio-prizes at the school, was from that time the victim of a horrible vice. He drank. What could you expect? In the face and easy life we led, half workmen, and continually associated with models and workmen, we were exposed to many low temptations, and to that one first of all, 'Ladrat' had yielded to it. I must say that, in order that you might not presently judge me too severely, it is even that same habit that caused him to miss the prize at Rome. He drank so freely at the house that he finished foolishly, insanely, a work begun with the hand of a master. In short, in 1875, he alone of all of us had remained a bohemian, and that the lowest. He had become what we call a 'tapper,' a man who goes from studio to studio, borrowing a dollar here, more elsewhere, with the firm determination of never paying it back. That lasts for years, almost a life."

"Did he then stop by at least a little outrage," I remarked, "like one I knew, who never came to me, without asking me for something for the little chapel?" That was the formula—without insulting me afterwards, so as to retain his dignity."

"No," said Fremiot, "that was not the style of Ladrat. He was grateful, melted in tears, swore to work, and left to go into a cafe, where he became overpowered with absinthe. Then he was ashamed, and did not appear again for some days. Besides, his loans were quite small. So I was not a little astonished one afternoon, on coming home, to find a long letter from him, in which he asked for not less than forty dollars. Six months had passed since I had seen him, and he related at length how, for those six months, he had struggled against his vice, that he had not been drinking, that he had wished to work, that his strength had failed him, that his wife was sick—for he still lived with the cook—in short, of those letters of touching mendacity, that make you sick to receive."

"When one believes in them," I insinuated, "because, after ten years in Paris, one receives so many such letters, and in the whole lot, there are not two sincere."

"It is better to risk being duped all the other times, than to miss those two times," said the painter. "Besides, at the moment, I did not doubt the sincerity of Ladrat. As chance would have it, I had received, that very day, the three hundred dollars for 'Ophelia.' I have always been very careful in money matters. I did not owe a cent, and I had almost as large an amount in my desk. My studio was ready, my wardrobe furnished for several years. I remember that I cast up mentally the balance sheet of my position, preparatory to going to one of my first dinners in society, where we bring a furnished appetite and a school-boy's conceit. We believe equally in the genuineness of the wines and commendations. So it was that I compared my position with that of my old chum of the South, and I had one of those kind movements as nature's youth as liveliness and gaiety. I took forty dollars, and placed them in an envelope, I wrote Ladrat's address, and then called for the porter. If that man had been there, my old comrade would have had the money that very evening. The man was on an errand. 'It will do to-morrow,' I said to myself, and I went away, leaving the envelope all ready on the table. My mind was so fully made up that I felt in anticipation that thrill of petty vanity, that the consciousness of a good action brings us. It is not very pretty, this vanity, but it is human. A different, and very excessive, vanity was added immediately. I found myself, in the house where I was dining, seated between two elegant ladies, who emulated each other in flattery and coquetry."

"Well, I left there about eleven o'clock, prey to one of those crises of fatuity, when we believe ourselves masters of the world, and I landed at our club, introduced by one of the guests who had offered to do me the honors. For, hardly knowing anyone there, it had not been six weeks since making my first appearance there that I was received. Two painters acted as my god-fathers, and the perspective of the annual Exposition had alone decided me to be a candidate for membership. We reached the large hall. I was so ingenious that I asked my guide the name of the game, which was drawing so many persons around the table. He began to laugh, and explained, briefly, the rules of baccarat: 'That does not tempt you?' he said. 'Why not?' I replied, laughing, 'but I haven't any money about me.' He explained, still laughing, how it would be sufficient for me to go to the treasurer, sign a promissory note for as much as a thousand dollars, payable within the next twenty-four hours. I have felt since that this fellow tempted me in order to play himself on the luck of a beginner. But I would have been tempted alone. I was in one of those moods when we would shout to the boatman in the tempest: 'You carry Caesar and his fortune.' Oh! a very little Caesar, and a very little fortune, for I took my place at the

table saying to my companion: 'I am going to sign a note for twenty dollars, and if I lose, I am going.' "And you lost, and remained. There is an echo in my purse," I replied, laughing, "for I remember having, myself, made those wise resolutions, and not having kept them."

"It was not as simple as that," replied Fremiot. "My tempter, who seated myself near him, told me to wait for my hand. I obeyed him. I threw down nine. 'Double your stake,' my adviser whispered. I did so. I threw down eight. I double my stake again, seven, and I win. Finally, from nine to eight, and from eight to seven. I pass six times in succession. I lose. But I had about two hundred and fifty dollars before me. My guide, who had gained almost as much, rose and said: 'If you are sensible, do as I do.' But now, I do not listen to him. I have just experienced too strong a feeling to leave in this way. I am not a great analyzer, as you say. I don't pass my life in listening to myself think and feel. Pardon me, then, if I do not explain graphically, and in detail, what was going on in me. During the short moments in which I was winning there was in all my being the sudden invasion, as it were, of an intoxicating sort of sort of feeling moved me, uplifted me. I had felt an analogous emotion in swimming in the open sea. That vast moving swell which threatens you, which rocks you, and which you govern by your strength; yes, that is the exact symbol of what cards were for me in that first period, that of gain; for I won again in the same proportions as before, and still again. I risked large sums of money only on my own hands, and on that of others but insignificant stakes; but, every time that I touched the cards, my luck was so pronounced that there was at first about a silence, then, when I beat, a hum, as it were, of admiration. Perhaps, without that admiration, I would have had the courage to stop. Alas! I have always had an annoying amount of self-consciousness, which has made me continue to make me commit them. I know it, I make a note of it, and then, good-bye to all my resolutions. When the gallery looks down on me, I cannot endure their saying: 'He has given in.' It is sublime to be thus when the scene passes on the bridge of Arcole; but at a table of baccarat, and before the hazard of a card, it is foolish, and yet this was precisely the cause that, after having displayed myself in my good luck, I did not wish to retire before bad, when I felt it approaching. For I felt it; it came at a moment when I knew that I was going to lose, and the sort of triumphant insight which had made me pick up the cards with an absolute confidence, suddenly disappeared. It was said that I was passing at a single sitting through all the emotions that cards procure for its devotees, for, after having known the intoxication of success, I became acquainted with the dry and bitter intoxication of ill-fortune. You know the proverb: 'At cards, after the pleasure of winning, there is that of losing.' I cannot find another phrase to explain this poisoned ardor, this mixture of hope and despair, of cowardice and fury. We expect to conquer ill-fortune, and we are certain that it will be conquered. We lose the faculty of reasoning, and we play strokes that we see are absurd. And the chips move out, the red and the white, and we sign new notes. After having had, for ten years, the strength to resist riding in a cab at thirty-five cents, I played away five hundred francs without hesitation. But, to summarize all in a word: I entered the club at eleven o'clock, at two I turned the key in my door, having lost six hundred dollars, and it was, as I have said, about all that I owned."

"Well," said I, "if you did not become a gambler after that shaking up, it is because you were not gifted. It was enough to lose you forever. You are right," returned Fremiot. "When I awakened the next day from the oppressive sleep which follows such sensations, the whole scene of the night before revived in my thoughts, and I had only two ideas now: That of getting my revenge that very evening, and that of combining my bets from the experience that I had acquired. I mentally reconstructed certain hands I had played, which I had lost, and which I ought to have gained. Suddenly my eyes fell on the letter addressed to Ladrat, and left the evening before on the table. I made an involuntary calculation, which showed me that the gift of that money was a foolish sacrifice. When I paid my debt of six hundred dollars, hardly anything would be left me. To get together a sum which would permit me to return in the evening, and I felt that could not help but return. I went to a dealer in pictures, and sold some studies. I would perhaps get two hundred dollars in this way. I was going to fritter away forty on this idler, this drunkard, this liar! For I wished to demonstrate to myself that his letter was only a tissue of falsehoods. I took it and read it again. Ah! its accent rent my heart. But no, I would not hear that voice, and I threw myself at the foot of the bed to write hastily a note of refusal, and I made it short and dry, in order to place a gulf between my old comrade and my pity. My note delivered, I felt a little shame and remorse; but I diverted myself as well as I could by the measures that I was to take. 'Besides,' I said to myself, to finally pacify my conscience, 'if I win, I shall still be in time to send the sum to Ladrat to-morrow—and I shall win.'"

"And did you win?" I asked, as he was silent.

"Yes," he replied, in a voice quite altered; "but the next day it was too late. As soon as he had received my note of refusal, Ladrat—who had not lied to me—was doubtless seized with the madness of despair. His companion and himself took the fatal resolution to asphyxiate themselves. They were found dead in their bed—and it was I, you understand, I, who forced the door. I came with the forty dollars. Yes, it was too late! That is how you remember having read the name of Ladrat in the papers. Do you understand now, how the very sight of a card makes me shudder?"

"Come," said I to him, "if you had sent him the money the evening before, that would have saved him a month,

two months; he would have fallen again; vice would have re-asserted its influence, and it would have ended the same."

## A Reply From Mr. Morang.

To the Editor of Saturday Night: DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, in an article on the proposed Canadian Society of Authors, you give the impression that we are employees of Appleton & Co. of New York. Allow us to contradict that statement. We are not. D. Appleton & Co. nor any other American firm has any interest in our business or any influence whatever on our course as Canadian publishers. Again, you say that Mr. Morang is "a publisher on a small scale on his own account." In reply to this we beg to say that to give our entire list of publications would take up too much space, but the following are what we published during 1898:

The Study of Children, by Francis Warner, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S. (Eng.)  
In Golden Shackles, by "Allen."  
Paris, by Emile Zola.  
Education of the Greek People, by Thos. Davidson.  
Teaching the Language—Arts, by Thos. Hindsdale, B.A., Ph.D., LL.D.  
Miss Gire and All Souls, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.  
The Celebrity, by Winston Churchill.  
Wolfville, by Alfred Henry Lewis.  
Simon Dale, by Anthony Hope.  
Our Lady of the Sunshine, Morang's Mid-summer Annual.  
Bird Neighbors, by Nellie Blanchard.  
History of Canada, by C. G. D. Roberts.

The Bookman, Year Book for 1898.  
A Kentucky Cavalier, and Aftermath, by James Lane Allen.  
The Science of Political Economy, by Henry George.  
Canada and Its Capital, by Sir James Edgar.

Essays on Educational Reformers, by Robert Herbert Quick, M.A.  
Folks from Dixie, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Little Masterpieces, the best things from Hawthorne, Poe, and Irving.  
Miss Gire and All Souls, by William Edwards Tirebuck.

Materfamilias, by Ada Cambridge.  
Notes on Art, by James Mayor.  
John of Strathbourne, by R. T. Chetwode.

Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope.  
The Prisoner of Zenda, by Anthony Hope.

Frederick's Laws for all Teachers, by James L. Hughes.  
The Principles and Practice of Teaching, by James Johnsonot.

Parkman's Historical Notes, Library Edition, viz.: Pioneers of France in the New World, 1 vol.; The Jesuits in North America, 1 vol.; La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, 1 vol.; The Old Regime in Canada, 1 vol.; Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV., 1 vol.; A Half-Century of Conflict, 2 vols.; Montcalm and Wolfe, 2 vols.; The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War After the Conquest of Canada, 2 vols.; The Oregon Trail, 1 vol.

Where Dwells Our Lady of the Sunshine, Booklet, by the Countess of Aberdeen.  
Bob, Son of Battle, No. 1 of "Morang's Florin Series," by Alfred Ollivant.

Bachelor Ballads, set to pictures, by Blanche McManus.  
Game Birds and Birds of Prey, by Nellie Blanchard.

Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith.  
The Grenadier, a story of the Empire, by James Eugene Farmer.  
The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling.

The Seven Seas, by Rudyard Kipling.  
Tekla, by Robert Barr.  
Her Memory, by Maarten Maartens.

With the Black Prince, by W. O. Stoddard, illustrated.  
Trimalchio's Dinner, by Petronius, translated by Harry Thurston Peck.  
Lyrics of Lowly Life, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

The Wonderful Century, by Alfred Russell Wallace, author of "Malay Archipelago," "Darwinism," etc.  
The House of Hildred, by Elsie Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," etc.

The Uncalled, a new story by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

Stories from Starland, by Mary Proctor.  
The Forest of Bourg-Marie, by S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).

The Scourge of God, by J. Blountdel-Barton, author of "The Clash of Arms."

Agriculture, by Charles C. James, M. A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario; formerly Professor of Chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural College, authorized for use in High or Public Schools in Ontario.

The Calendar of the Art League of Toronto for 1898.

Works of Hamilton W. Mable: Essays on the Growth and Culture; My Study Fire; Under the Tree; Elsewhere; Short Studies in Literature; Essays in Literature Interpretation; My Study Fire, second series; Essays on Nature and Culture; Essays on Books and Culture. Cloth, 12mo., per volume.

A Critical Study of In Memoriam, by Rev. John M. King, D.D., President of the Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

The Book of Games, with directions how to play them, by Mary White, Works by Henryk Sienkiewicz, Pan Michael, 1 vol. Crown 8vo., per vol.

The Deluge, 2 vols. Crown 8vo., per vol.  
Cyrano de Bergerac, by Edmund Rossland, with portrait of Margaret Anglin in the character of Roxane.

The Nameless Castle, by Maurus Jokai, No. 2 of "Morang's Florin Series."

In the Forest of Arden, by Hamilton Wright Mable, authorized for use in Commercial Cuba, by William J. Clark.

Wild Animals I Have Known, by Ernest Seton Thompson.

Yours, etc.,  
GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., LIMITED.

## Healthy, Happy Girls

Often Become Languid from No Apparent Cause.

The Blood is a Vital Element—It Must Be Kept Pure, Rich and Red—Only in This Way Can Young Girls Attain Perfect Health.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy; her step should be light, her eye bright, and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health.

## "NO"

It is not colored, doctored, or adulterated in any form whatever.



In the cup shows an AMAZING superiority over all others.  
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But the reverse is the unfortunate condition of thousands of young girls throughout the Dominion. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless, and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go up stairs is exhausting. If a doctor is consulted he tells them that they are anemic—the plain English for which is they have too little blood—and unless a powerful blood-enriching, nerve-restoring tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is taken to restore health, decline and an early grave is only too likely to follow.

The benefit which follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind is amply illustrated by the following testimonial from Miss Ida Bookman, of Marksville, Ont. Miss Bookman says: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My health was completely broken down; I became so weak I could scarcely walk across a room. I was very pale, had no appetite and gradually lost flesh until I was merely a skeleton. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, dizziness and violent headaches. I was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit me, and I went on in this way for about seven months. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended I determined to try them. Before I finished the second box I began to improve and by the time I had used eight boxes I was as well as ever I had been, and had gained 22 pounds in weight. I am grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and freely give this testimony in the hope that it may benefit some other girl suffering as I was."

More pale and bloodless girls have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. Mothers should see that their daughters entering womanhood are strengthened and invigorated by the use of this great blood-making tonic. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Humors of School Inspection.

THESE are some stories in the Cornhill for February in a paper on the humors of school inspection.

On one occasion the inspector was examining a third standard (girls) in the geography of the British Isles. He was going through the English lakes, and had elicited, or "illicit," as some pupil-teachers would have it in their notes of lessons, the well-known list of Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Wastwater, and so on. But they finished up with "Bayswater," the topical temptation proving too much for a London child. Add to these the very local attitude of a boy who, on being asked what he knew of St. Paul's Cathedral, replied that it was "near the Meat Market."

In a "composition" on coal occurred this passage: "Coal is the heat of the sun bottled up in trees; the trees have fallen down and stand in the earth. There is a lot of gunpowder in coal." On the subject, "What profession would you choose?" the inspector read again, "I have a strong desire to become a teacher. The hours are easy and the work light, and you can go

## Majolica Flower Pots

Something entirely new in designs, entirely new in decorations, very handsome. Prices begin at 10c.

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JAEGER DEPOT, KING STREET W.  
Traveling Outfits for Ladies, a specialty.

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## \$1.00 CARPETS...

In Velvet and Brussels Carpets we have certain special lines that we are selling for one dollar. We cannot expect that this lot will last long, but if you come promptly you will get the benefit of what is a real bargain. Some particulars:

- English Velvet Carpets, new designs, a splendid carpet for hard wear, and what is really a fine Brussels, suitable for halls
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- choice of either lines, if quick, at \$1.00

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**CURTAINS**  
Nottingham lace curtains, choice designs in white or ecru, lined edges, 34 yards long, regular price \$1.50 \$1.25, a special at \$1.25

**ORETONNES**  
Old English of fine English cretonnes, good designs, that sold regularly at 25, 35 and 45 cents a yard, special at 20c.



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THE MODERN  
STOVE POLISH  
PASTE, CAKE  
OR LIQUID.



Twice as much used  
as of any other Stove  
Polish on earth.

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Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.

Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.

To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.

See, and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



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Ensure a long and graceful waist, a symmetrical figure and perfect-fitting dresses.

Long and short waists to suit all figures.

At nearly all Dry goods stores. Any dealer can get them for you.

\$1 to \$30 a pair.

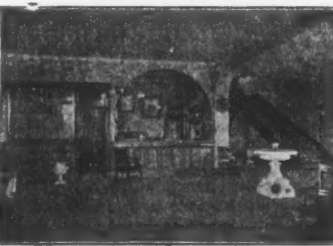
## Society Events

They come thick and fast at this season of the year. More than likely you will need us to look over your evening dress, silk blouse or other garment of evening wear.

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FREETON SPRINGS

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Buffalo, N.Y.

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THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

## The "Drop" Hunt.

THE following recorded story will give an idea of the drop hunt, once so popular but now gradually going out of vogue because it is cruel and un-sportsmanlike, says a writer from Phoenixville to the Philadelphia Inquirer: The poor fox is captured and held in captivity until the day comes for the big hunt, and that may be a week or even a month, for if the event is to come off at a hotel, the landlord must be given lots of time to complete his arrangements, for a big crowd means money in his pockets. The whole neighborhood in general and all the hunts in particular must be invited, and if the candidates are out for office, they must above all others be present, as they are always liberal on such occasions and let their money drop freely.

In the meantime the poor fox that has always been used to the fresh air and freedom, is kept a prisoner in some dark coal-bin, or damp cellar, and in his unhappy state he pines and frets, grows surly and refuses to eat even though the choicest morsels are thrown to him. By the day of the hunt, he is a poor spiritless bunch of bones.

The day comes at last and he hears the baying of hounds and the hurrying of horses' feet and wonders what it's all about, little dreaming that it is a frolic gotten up for him and the landlord; but before the day is over he finds out that the landlord is having all the fun at his expense.

His cogitations are rudely broken up by the appearance of the landlord, who, with his gloved hand, catches him by the nape of the neck, chucks him into a bag and carries him into the daylight, and as he is borne along he hears his good qualities eulogized and many wondering whether he will be killed by the hounds or not. The bag is opened a little and he looks so lean and dejected that some one suggests that a "smile" of whiskey or brandy would put new life into him and make him run better.

His jaws are pried open and he ceases to be a teetotaler right then and there. The bag is closed again and the landlord carries him to the kennel in order to let the hounds have a look at him and a sniff of the aroma that God gave him when he made him. One old hound pokes his great snout through a crack in the door of the kennel, smells the bag, and then sets up a deafening howl, and the ninety and nine hounds also get a whiff of foxey and join in the chorus and jump and tear about in their maddened rage.

By this time the smile of brandy has gotten worked up into Reynard's brains and in his maudlin confusion he wonders what all the noise is about. The landlord gathers up the bag, stands poor foxey on his head and goes walking off with him amid the howling of the hounds, the neighing of horses and the laughter of the crowd that follows him to see the "drop." An open field is reached and after some parleying the bag is opened and the fox steps out on the cold ground and blinks, for the dazzle hurts his eyes. He sees a strange sight, and in his bewilderment he doesn't know what to make of it. There are gaily dressed men on horseback and boys running about to get a peep at him. While surveying the strange scene the landlord says: "Scout, you rascal." "That's me," thinks the fox, and away he goes across the field with five hundred yelling at him. He stops a minute to take his bearings, for his surroundings are new to him. Finally he spies the far distant hills, where his cozy lair lies nestled among the rocks in some wooded ravine, and away he goes again, the best he can with an empty stomach and a reeling brain. On, on, over a hill, down through a valley and into a strip of woodland, where he is lost sight of.

Twenty minutes had passed and the door of the kennel was thrown open and out rushed a hundred angry, howling hounds. They caught the tell-tale scent that the fox left behind, and away they went over the hills until they looked like a huge serpent winding its way over the ridges and through the leafless woods. A hundred hunters struck their rowsels into their horses' flanks and away they dashed after the hounds until they, too, seemed like another snake winding its way over the distant hills.

The fox stopped a moment as he thought he heard hounds in the distance. He listened again and again, and this time there could be no mistake, for he not only heard them, but his keen eye saw them coming over a distant hill and after him, too. On sped the fox with redoubled efforts, but he was weak and his head was unsteady. He sighed for the strength and swiftness of other days. His lair in the cleft of the hills was yet a long way off and he must reach it or die. The hounds were getting nearer and now he could hear the horses' hoofs pounding on the frozen ground. On he ran, but it was no use, for he could feel the hot breath of the hounds at his heels and see their red angry eyes and their frothy tongues, and the next instant the foremost one of the pack had sunk its teeth deep in his neck, while another leaped on him and tore him limb from limb.

A hunter rushed up, leaped from his horse, drove the hounds back from the mangled carcass, whipped out his knife and with one sweep cut the brush from the dead fox and then held the bleeding trophy high over his head for his comrades to see. A bugle blast then called the hounds from the trail and the hunters rode back to tell the landlord that his fox was dead.

The day's sport was over and the crowd began to disperse. That night the landlord counted his cash and found that he was ahead and also found that a fox could be turned into considerable profit after all.

This is a true picture of a drop hunt and is it any wonder that the fox hunters are going back to the old way of chasing a fox when it can have half a chance at least of "living to run another day?"

A Cold Wave.  
Harper's Weekly.



## The Secret of Success.

An Encounter With an Intelligent "Joiner."

"WHEN I started in life," said the Grand Organizer, waxing confidential, "I determined to become as popular and as widely acquainted as I could. I looked around and I saw temperance was a pretty good fake, and that there were lots and lots of smart business men in the church. So I went in for 'em. For seven years I was a worker and for seven years I never tasted anything stronger than boiled tea. But I was not satisfied. The field was too narrow for a man of my ambition. I looked around and I found something that was better business than temperance and the church put together. I joined a fraternal society."

He paused, and I read the card he had given me over again:

A. S. WILKEY,  
Lieutenant Grand Commanding Potentate of the Innermost Inner Triangle, Illustrious Supremacy of the Mysterious Branch of the Secret Temple, and Grand Organizer of the United Order of Mutual Independents.

To look at him you would scarcely have guessed his rank. He was decidedly ordinary in appearance, which goes to show what the humblest of us may attain if we go about it. Neither did his manner betray the lofty extensiveness of his title. He affected a modest air, evidently refusing to allow his high position to interfere with his relations with the world.

"Did you give up the church and the other lines?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "They are overworked."

"Did you drop the practical part of your temperance principles, too?"

"Dropped it, too, yes," said the Grand Organizer. "I found I couldn't keep it up knocking round among the boys and organizing all the time. I went to work and I joined every society that came along, attended all the meetings, ran for offices; carried twenty-five thousand dollars insurance spread over twenty societies. What was the result? Business doubled and doubled again."

"Get out," said I.

"Doubled and doubled again," said he. "I started when I was twenty-two and I rose right from the bottom to what I am to-day." He smiled modestly.

"There's no reason why you couldn't do the same," continued he. "I'm still a comparatively young man. You're as young as I was once. You've got push (he was taking this for granted), you've got ambition (also for granted), why not start in and be somebody?"

"Ah," said I.

"I don't say you'll get where I've got," said he, "but I do say there's no reason why you shouldn't. How did I get where I am? The country's all right. There's nothing the matter with it. All you want is a wide acquaintance and you'll get to the top."

"All can't be officers," said I.

"Most of 'em," said the Grand Organizer, "most of 'em. Now besides these advantages the lodge has the social side. I myself am out every night in the week up till two in the morning. The Mutual Independents is the most social society in the country. There's always something going on besides the regular lodge meetings."

"What are they for?" asked I.

"Business," said he.

"What business?"

"We have a regular order of business."

"What does it consist of?" I persisted.

"Oh, managing your lodge-room and one thing and another; reading the minutes of the last meeting and electing officers and that. A man takes quite an interest in lodge meeting right after he's been elected to an office or two. Then after we've finished the routine of business we relax and have a little social time—cards and that."

"I see," said I.

"I was referred to you by a mutual friend as—"

"Who?" I asked.

"I forget his name," said he.

"I don't know who it could be," said I.

"Well, anyway, he's a friend of yours and of mine, though I necessarily have so many friends I can't always remember their names."

"Your position as Lieutenant Grand Commanding—"

"Yes," said he, "and Grand Organizer. Well, on your friend's recommendation I just thought I would call and give you a few facts."

"Very thoughtful of you and our mutual friend," I observed.

"Now," he continued in his best grand organizing manner, "if you would like to come into the Mutual Independents I think I could get you into a very select little tent just starting up in the North End. You would have a fine chance to grow up with the lodge."

"I should never achieve your position," I said.

"Who knows?" said he cheerily.

"It may shock you," I said, "but the fact is I don't want to. I lack the ambition."

"You'll never get along that way," said he reprovingly.

"I suppose not," said I.

"Well, keep my card," said he, "and if you ever change your mind drop me a line."

"All right," said I.

So I am keeping his card. I am going to get it framed.

## Danger in Soda.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn and sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover, the soda only gives temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large twenty-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste and contain the natural acids, pepsines and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the F. A. Stuart Co. of Marshall, Mich.

## The Insurance Agent Strikes Residence.

From Varsity.

Agent—Are you in robust health?  
Fizzer S.—(feelingly) I am. I have eaten a residence meal and am still alive.  
(The Agent gives the policy).

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.  
Will buy a pound of one of the five lines of Ludella Ceylon Tea. One trial will convince you of the exceptional value offered by any of the above.

IN LEAD PACKAGES ONLY  
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CEYLON

## Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We are direct importers and sole agents for two of the leading English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co. 651-653 YONGE ST

## Would you?

I would not go to an Hotel or Restaurant that supplies nasty concoctions as Sauce from

## LEA & PERRIN'S BOTTLES

BECAUSE it is reasonable to suppose that the same unscrupulous economy will be practised, as far as possible, with everything else on the bill of fare.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL

## HOME HINTS

How often mothers are perplexed and driven nearly to despair by their little one losing appetite and refusing all manner of food when children will take

## BOVRIL

at nearly any time. A cup of Bovril between or at meals is the most perfect of nourishment to give the children for

## HEALTH AND STRENGTH

### Then They Moved On.

A man in a light check suit stopped at the corner and looked intently upward. His gaze appeared to be directed at the roof of a tall building directly opposite.

Two men stopped and began to look in the same direction.

A moment later several others joined them. Business men hurrying along the road on the way to their offices were seized with like curiosity, and stopped short to gaze with the others.

"What's the matter?"

"What's it?"

"What's the excitement?"

These questions flew from lip to lip, but nobody seemed able to answer.

"Move on there!" exclaimed a policeman. "What are you blocking the road for?"

But the crowd was too big to be dispersed by a single policeman.

"I say," asked the officer, forcing his way to the center of the throng and grabbing the man in the light check suit, "what are you lookin' at?"

"I'm not looking at anything," replied the other, without lowering his head. "I've a stiff neck and I always carry my head this way. I stopped to rest a minute. I don't know what these chumps are doing here." And the crowd melted silently away.—Ex.

### No Moving the Quaker.

Some short while back a Quaker, driving in a single-horse chaise up a lane that leads from one part of Cottonopolis to another, chanced to meet with a young man who was also in a similar carriage.

There was not enough room for them to pass each other unless one of them would back his carriage.

"I shan't make way for you," said the young man.

"I am older than thou art," replied the Quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to give way so that I can pass."

"Well, I won't," resumed the young fellow. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his carriage.

The Quaker, observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, struck a light, and sat and puffed away very comfortably.

"Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper, I should be very glad if thou wouldst lend it to me."

The young man gave up the contest.—Ex.

### The Proper Way to go About It.

Miss Hurrup—Ah, George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff—Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?

Miss H.—Well, one's brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off!" as if marriage were a prize-

fight. But that is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's papa, now, he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so cross when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.

Mr. H.—And what answer did you make to his questions, Carrie, dearest?

Miss H.—I can't make any answer at all, for, you see, you haven't said anything to me, and—of course—I—I—

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

Cabmen in New York, London, Paris.

A hotel weekly, in comparing the advantages possessed by New York over Paris and vice versa, said that a privilege New Yorkers enjoyed was that of being run over free of charge, while in Paris one had to pay handsomely for being in the way. And the London cabbies are not happy, and have gone on strike because their empty cabs are not allowed to creep along Piccadilly and the Strand. What an opportunity for striking an average between the cabmen of the three Capitals!

### How to Get Rich.

We refer to the richness of the blood. If you are pale and thin, you are poor in strength and nerve power. Scott's Emulsion drives away thinness and pallor, and brings rich blood and nerve power.

### Toronto—New York.

Via Grand Trunk—West Shore.  
Leave Toronto 6.00 p.m., arrive New York 9.30 following morning. Return train leaves New York (Franklin street 7.30 p.m., 42nd street 7.45 p.m.) arrives Toronto 11.15 a.m. Best service. Through buffet sleeping car. Apply to Grand Trunk agents for information or address H. Parry, 308 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Smallcannon—I see you are as much of a gallant with the ladies as ever! Major Slanjamah—Indeed, that was always a strong weakness with me.—Harlem Life.

The Limit. "What do you think of Sunday golf?" "Well, I don't think the clergy ought to play."

Bill—She said her face was her fortune. Jill—Poor thing!—Yonkers Statesman.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It is safe and reliable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no kinder about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. 2 TORONTO, FEB. 18, 1899. [No. 14]



## THE DUBBERVILLES!

This play has been worth waiting for and turns out to be a very strong drama and Mrs. Fiske a most accomplished actress. To fall to see this play as presented by Minnie Mauden Fiske is a misfortune, for, sombre and tragic as it is, it is alive with human feeling and compels the mind to consider unusual questions. The play, like the book, stirs up the depths. It is the play that I speak of—not the book—and as we see Mr. Clare come and go on the stage I wish to know if ever there was a character so left-handed, so hapless, so belated as this man? He met Tess too late in the first place; he found out her story too late; after rushing off to Brazil his heart softened too late and he returned too late; learning the circumstances of her position he staggered out to cool his brow and came in again to say that he would forgive all, but too late, for she had killed her betrayer in that interim. What a disturber the man was in all his comings and goings—as bad as Conscience, which warns in a whisper if at all, but afterwards reproaches in thunder tones. No doubt this man Clare pitted himself as one whose life had been wrecked also; yet so mis-timed were all his movements that at the end I found myself indulging a wish that he might be charged with the murder and hanged for it.

What do you think of Tess—you who have seen her on the stage? You have seen her father—a gross, vulgar, kind sort. You have seen her mother—coarse and without moral vision. You have seen her wretched home, her whining brother and sister. Pursuing her you have seen Evil (in the guise of Alec. Stoke-Durberville) always energetic, chirpy, ready to put the ball in the house or to lavish money upon Tess, to fill the greedy purse of the mother and to send the little brother and sister fed, clothed, laughing, to school. You have seen Good pursuing her (in the guise of Angel Clare), dilatory, belated, uncertain what to do, always arriving late, making bitterness more bitter, crowning with remorse the victory that Evil had won. What have you to say of Tess? Of course you will say that she yielded too readily to pressure in the scene where the tempter offers to place her mother and family in comfort if she would consent to go with him again. But on the stage a terrible and long-drawn battle of the soul must be indicated in a scene enacted in a few moments. You must comprehend it all, slowly and fairly, or you cannot weigh it rightly. I shall not attempt to depict the struggle. Thomas Hardy, in the book, has done that finely.

Preserved for long in the memory will be the little figure of a stricken woman who made no outcry, but who stood dumb in terror—the Tess of Mrs. Fiske. The average actress would tear the passions into tatters in such a role—would scream and sob, and multiply for a great occasion the intensity of those mean evidences whereby a woman discloses the presence of a petty grief. But Tess, who would have cried if merely exasperated, cried not in her moments of tragedy. We have seen a great play by a great player—one of the performances that will stand clearly forward from the common rout of things theatrical. This is one of those achievements that go into tradition.

The company supporting Mrs. Fiske is wisely selected. Who could possibly play the part of John Durberville as well as John Jack? or who play Alec Stoke-Durberville as Frederick de Belleville plays it? The two country bumpkins also, and the milkmaids are well presented, Olive Hoff, as Marian, at times gave evidence, I thought, of considerable dramatic force, although the eccentric part in which she appeared gave poor opportunity for its display.

Mixed Pickles, the attraction at the Princess this week, is a great old conglomeration, so to speak. As it is a farce we,

of course, have the naughty husband and the jealous wife. The husband is a humorous old boy who promises that he'll never take a drink again while he has a hair on his head. He takes occasion to shave his head before the play is over. Like the play at the Grand a French ball figures in the affair, although not to the same extent. The French ball must cause an awful amount of female worry per annum in New York. Hiram Brown is the flighty old boy and he goes to this ball. So does Joseph Pickles, who aspires to the hand of Hiram's daughter, Cherry. Hiram, however, doesn't know this. The latter brings home a bracelet as a present for his wife and a box of handkerchiefs for Susie, the maid. Pickles, confident in his knowledge of the old man's fall from the paths of rectitude, and in the general ignorance of his own, purloins these presents and gives them as his own. Mrs. Brown getting the bracelet as originally intended, but her daughter Cherry getting the handkerchiefs. By tricks such as these they make old Hiram's life a burden throughout the first act. This is the main object, though there are minor details of lovers' tiffs, etc. In the second act our racy young man, Mr. Joseph Pickles, gets his sanctimonious brother out of the way with a bogus telegram, and dons his clothes and manner, together with a wig which makes the likeness complete. He then sets to work to spoil his brother's reputation, with the idea of leveling the contrast between his brother's character and his own. The sanctimonious brother was preferred by Cherry's mother. He changes all that, however, in the second act, but paves the way for further complications in the third. Needless to say, he comes through these with a proper regard for the farcical sense of justice.

Mr. McCallum makes a very humorous Hiram. His meekness under trial, his resignation under his good lady's displeasure is very fetching. Mr. Grady as Joseph Pickles was good, though I think he appears to better advantage in old men parts. Miss Browning made a very nice daughter for Hiram—a remarkably nice daughter. Babylon Jordan, by Mr. Shumer, was a good sketch, as was Mrs. Brown by Miss Andrews. In fact, the company absorbs Mixed Pickles with true avidity.

Cyrano de Bergerac will be put on at the Princess next week by the Cummings Stock Company. This will prove an agreeable surprise to Toronto people, who have been hearing a great deal about Mr. Rostand's great play as put on by Richard Mansfield in New York. It would seem that we are not to see Mansfield in Toronto, or the right to produce the piece here would not have been sold to Mr.



Cyrano the Cynic.

Cummings. I am told that the stock company at the Princess will surpass previous records in this great drama of the man with the big nose. Mr. Morris Freeman will appear as Cyrano, Miss Eleanor Browning as Roxane, and Mr. Barry O'Neill as Christian. The story of the play may be told in a few words. Cyrano de Bergerac, a chivalrous gentleman and a poet, has a nose so gross that it excites comment and involves him in numerous quarrels. He falls in love with Roxane, but learns that she prefers another, and instead of drawing that other into a duel, he espouses his cause, impersonates him beneath the lady's balcony and sings seductively. In the last act his devotion to Roxane and her lover is revealed as he is about to die. The drama is strong with passion and humor.

That Man at the Grand this week is one of those plays which easy-going people call "risky," and prudish persons term "indelicate." I will merely say that it is "Frenchy." Three husbands become enamored of a young woman of very doubtful respectability but undoubted charm. She is by no means the same person to them all, however, appearing to one as a Spanish dancer, to another as a French singer, and to the third as an Italian painter. The wives of these foolish men are at their wits' end. Finally, however, a decidedly clever and original scheme is hit upon. A country cousin of one of the wives happening upon the scene, fits into the scheme beautifully. The idea is to engage a jealousy arouser on strictly business terms, paying him to dissemble and pretend love for the wives on pre-arranged occasions. The cousin is set up in this business and the peace of mind of those three erring husbands is at once endangered. The jealousy arouser gives some very realistic performances in the way of love-making, quite disconcerts the erring husbands, marries the charmer, gets paid for his services as a jealousy arouser, and everything is lovely—thank you.

On Monday evening the play did not get

started until half-past nine. A couple of trunks containing necessary wardrobe had gone astray, so Mr. Drummer, leading husband of the company, told us. Their train had been delayed several hours on account of snow and, missing their trunks, they had telegraphed all over the country for them, and finally located them at the Union Station here. It speaks volumes for our railway system that these trunks turned up just where they should have been. Across the line apparently they didn't waste time looking around the locality where their baggage should be—they telegraphed far and wide. They did not know that in Canada when one wants to get his trunk he goes to the baggage-man and gets it. When the show started, however, the audience, which had endured a long, heavy wait, relieved only by orchestral spasms, were rewarded by a very brisk little farce well put on and well acted. Mr. Reuben Fax as the jealousy arouser has the most original part I've seen for a long time, and he makes a good thing of it. Miss Athelston, who reminds me of Lady Constance in one of the Geisha companies seen here, is very clever as Claire Harpess, one of the wives, and originator of the jealousy arouser idea. Miss Olive Redpath as the improper Girl-from-Paris person is also very clever, her natural gifts making her part a convincing one. The others are all bright and capable and, if one can overlook a little Frenchness, the show is a good one.

The two greatest theatrical successes in New York last winter were The Little Minister and Way Down East, both these plays running nearly all last season, and now they both scored on tour. Way Down East will be presented here at the Grand Opera House all next week. It is a play of the Shore Acres type, utilizing New England characters entirely. Lottie Blair Parker wrote the piece and it was elaborated and produced by Joseph R. Grismer. It depicts consistently the adventures of an unfortunate girl who has been ruined through a mock marriage and is eventually vindicated. It is claimed for it that it presents a moral and instructive lesson without preaching a sermon. The serious portion of the story are illuminated by charming comedy.

At a theater in Portland, Ore., after the orchestra has finished the overture a neat sign rises to the view of the audience from the floor of the stage. It shows these magic words: "This is the proper time for ladies to remove their hats." And if they are not already off, the sign works wonders.

Mascagni, though he has only just finished his opera Iris, is already at work on a new one. At a reception given him by Queen Margherita at the Quirinal, he told her that this work, to be called Le Maschere, after a poem written for him by Luigi Illica, would be given at Rome this year.

Olga Nethersole has followed the example of Sarah Bernhardt, and produced Camille, during the last week of her New York engagement, with costumes copied after the fashion of the play's period, which was nearly half a century ago.

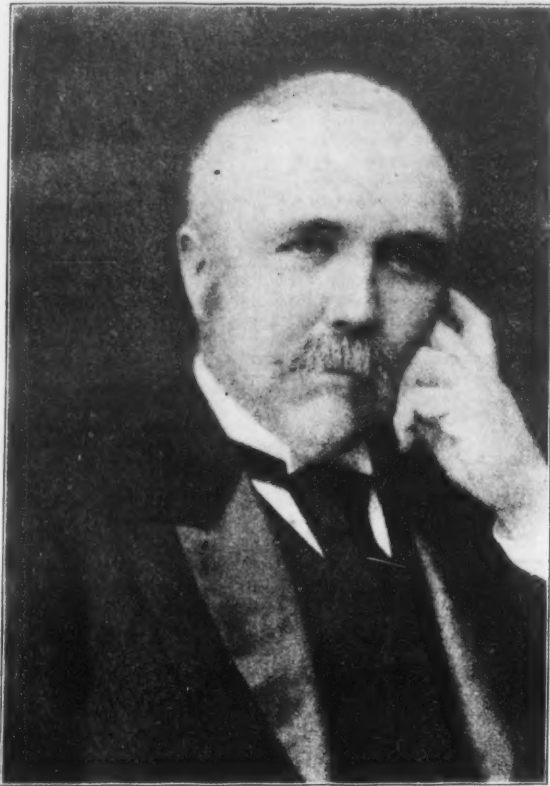
Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, who has been some years in London, is to appear in a stage version of Daudet's Sappho, which has never before been given in English.

Lawrence Irving is adapting into English Sardou's Robespierre, with which Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will re-open the Lyceum in May.

"That man was an old flame of mine!" "What's the story?" "He flared up one day and went out!"—Bazar.

"Was the banquet a success?" "I guess so; the men all wore each other's overcoats off as souvenirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Proud mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk. Cruel father—Good. He can walk the floor with him-self at night, then.

MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,  
Leader of the English Liberal Party.

## Costumes in Grand Opera.

ONE of the greatest expenses for a singer in grand opera is the cost of the costumes which she must have at the outset of her career. During the first three years that she sang Mme. Nordica spent every cent that she received as salary in acquiring the necessary wardrobe, and that is practically the experience of all the singers. In a theater like the New York Metropolitan the women all wear beautiful clothes, and that is evidence that they receive large salaries. In the smaller European cities, in which the singers are poorly paid or are merely at the beginning of their careers, the dressing is of quite another fashion. Some idea of what that is occasionally may be gained at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York when some of the less important singers are put into the leading roles in the case of illness or some other accident. The difference in the appearance of their costumes shows plainly the difference in their compensation. When they appear in the company of the other singers, the contrast is startling.

Mme. Nordica has this year worn new costumes as Alda, Valentine and Isolde, and some of her Brunhilde draperies were new. Emma Eames has been seen only in the new costume of Sieglinde, which was designed by her husband and cost greater trouble than it would seem possible to expend on anything so simple. But the effect shows in the beauty of the folds.

Mme. Sembrich has so far worn new costumes in every opera, and they have been distinguished not only by their beauty but also by their remarkably good fit. Her white dress covered with pearls and camellias cost \$800 in Paris, and that is said to be the costliest costume worn on the Metropolitan stage this winter, with the exception of a gown worn in Romeo et Juliette by Mme. Melba. That is said to have cost \$900. One of Mme. Sembrich's most beautiful, although least elaborate, costumes is a white satin gown trimmed with silver. With this she wears a lilac velvet bolero. It is a curious fact that she has so far this winter worn Spanish costume more frequently than any other style.

If the women singers are compelled to pay large sums for their costumes, some of the dresses are made to do service for a long time. Mme. L. Mann, for instance, recently wore on the stage two costumes in which she appeared first twelve years ago. The amount of care bestowed on the dresses enables them to be preserved for long service. One singer not only has her costumes pressed after every performance, but has them cleaned of all the dirt which they may have accumulated during the evening. That is likely to be a considerable task, as the stage is always dusty. Anybody who has seen the prima donnas clutch their trains as they leave the stage at the concert performances can realize how much they are afraid of the dirty stage. This is not possible, however, during the operas, and the singers can only drag their skirts around and take the chances of having them cleaned afterward. It takes the attention of maids, cleaning establishments and seamstresses to keep garments in condition even for the opera season here.

Quibbles—Suppose a golf-player should accidentally injure a pedestrian by hitting him with the ball, what would be the penalty? Barrister (a golfer)—Why, it would simply be a "rub of the green," in which case the ball must be played where it lies.—Brooklyn Life.

Customer—Are these eggs strictly fresh? Grocer's Clerk—Yes, sir; you haven't found anything wrong with the eggs you have been getting here for the last month, have you? Customer—No. Grocer's Clerk—Well, these are a part of the same lot.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. G.—Why, you screamed the minute the dentist touched your tooth. I thought you said you had so much nerve. Mr. G.—I did, hang it! That's what hurt.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



## THE BACHELOR.

DO not confound the bachelor with the unmarried man. There is as great a distinction to be made between bachelors and bachelors as there is between widows and widows. Temporarily unattached would describe a certain make of weed-wearer, and the same sort of bachelor might be classed as merely awaiting matrimony the inevitable. But the bachelor proper (or improper, and more often this than that, says Grundy), is a confirmed and well-nigh final development of a certain type of man. Looking at his unresponsive eye and calm lip one knows that he has sized up the fair sex and found it wanting, that is, as a matrimonial investment. The bachelor goes into society, and enjoys it; he loves his good dinner and knows wine from wine. Sometimes he dances, and he generally does it well; he, however, prefers a promenade, a chat in a cozy corner, and is apt to know well the way to that small sanctum where mine host or the ball committee have fitted up the necessary outfit for lubrication and "Here's to you!" There are bachelors who inspire all womankind with a rabid desire to assist at the marriage of those bachelors to any sort of a feminine encumbrance. Aggravating in the extreme is the Ritualistic parson bachelor, whose vow of celibacy hangs as a red rag of defiance to the wiles of his congregation, and fires the zeal of the widow, the old maid, the beauty, the gossip, and even the patroness, to haul it down and fly Cupid's banner in its place. The way a hearty young woman looks at her celibate parson is one of the most laughable topsy-turvy of life.

There are bachelors upon whom one can depend. They will never marry, and everyone knows why. Away back, before most of you were born, a lad loved a lass, as the gods love. By and by, another man loved the same lass, as men love. To him she, being a woman, gave herself, and took his housekeeping and cradle-rocking into her life-work. The man of the ideal love still loved her, only the small rosy ray of hope faded from his love. He takes tea with her sometimes, and watches her growing old with eyes that do not see her wrinkles nor her avoidings. He would probably, had he lost her by death, have married and fulfilled his duty to his country, but she lived! For the sake of his ideal, perchance for a bit of false shame at fickleness, he has remained single, a refined, courteous gentleman, living and dying pure and decent, the bachelor par excellence of his class.

Sometimes the bachelor who was worsted by another aspirant in his love-tilt takes his defeat sourly and becomes the cynical, blasé, ill-tempered club man, who snarls at women and their ways, and never has an intimate, nor even a dog for a friend. When he is forced into society he is the picture of impotent rebellion and deep chagrin. The badinage and the persiflage make him furious; the noise disturbs his nerves and the catables his digestion, and only this gentleman's gentleman knows to what depths of vindictive anger the temporary appearance reduces him. The bitterness of his remarks while on duty are taken lightly and laughed over by society, and "What old Mr. Curmudgeon said at the wedding" affords much mirth to the women who heard it. He preferably lives at his club, where he has his own chair and his own corner, and men tolerate him as a grim sort of bric-a-brac, a crouching, queer sort of animal, only roused to get up on its haunches and rage if the club be thrown open for a dance or a picture exhibit and the profaning foot of woman be allowed to trip across the threshold.

The sporty bachelor is, next to the celibate parson, an exasperation. The latter is so superior, the former is so satisfied with himself, that women feel the superiority of their sex in a most trying manner. The sporty bachelor gives them plenty of good times; he enjoys their enjoyment, admires their skill in field or on lawn, gives them brotherly pointers about their "form" and tips them sure ones for the races. After a time, his hardness affects them in a curious way. They also take on a defiant little veneer, and affect a mannish contempt for sentiment and susceptibility, which is really their woman-wound showing its scar. It is also a confession of their ignorance. Did they but know the whole life of the ordinary sporty bachelor, in nine cases out of ten the average woman would weep, the rare woman would read up the Patriarchs and set to work to justify him by their example.

The bachelor is an unfailing object of interest to society. Mrs. Grundy would be lost without him. If he talks over-long to the debutante Mrs. Grundy tells her mother he is—oh, well, everyone knows, and the debutante is haled home, rebellious and indignant. If he pays more than the most perfunctory attention to the young matron Mrs. Grundy figuratively gets her skates on and puts up a danger signal, and whispers of the thinness of the leg. If the bachelor occasionally says a naughty word, being over-harried and watched and tormented, who shall lay it unto his account at the final revision? Hope springs eternal that some female will subdue the bachelor, and society watches for his capitulation as the small child waits the raise of the curtain on the Christmas pantomime—such quiet fun is the amorous lion, such a superb joke is his surrender to some chit of a girl, who reckons not of his long resistance nor the traditions of his impregnable strength. He is just a man who is in love with her, not The Bachelor! His fellow chaff him unmercifully if he be of the amiable type, or warily if he have an irascible side, and they are to be caught sighing in secret if the object of his affections be well liked, and Hymen be forging his fetters of

precious metal set in varied gems. There is a mysterious make of bachelor who simply prefers a single life, and usually makes his home with a chum of like disposition. The home and the bachelor are at the mercy of Tiberius, a female Tiberius who does for them in more or less comfort. Sometimes the home is such a nest of cozy ease, the dinners so piping hot and well chosen and cooked, the after-smoke in half-lit corner of cushioned divan, or in capacious armchair before ruddy fire, that the most hopeful spinster would fold her hands in despair of coaxing the bachelor out. Sometimes the freaks of Tiberius include gin and bitters, and a partiality for dust, and second dishes, and small omissions of seasonings and spices. It is marvelous what an example of patient long-suffering the bachelor sets his married friends under such circumstances. They should observe his conditions and frequently invite him to dinner.

There is finally a type of bachelor more en evidence in society than any other, and broadly classed "Ineligible." He has no money, not much brains, less love of work, and a dress suit which needs frequent renewals, for it is hard-worked. He is invited everywhere, has opinions on every social question, is easy on the lapses of others, thinks less of character far less than loss of style, tells stories that make the widow shriek and the matron gasp, has no squeamish dislike to the *nouveaux riches* if his set accept them—long on precedence and short on morality, and everyone likes him. Ko-Ko.

## A Letter from Germany.

I WOULD like to say a few words about the place where I spent my Christmas holidays. I do not know if any of my Canadian friends have ever heard about Cudowa, a little village situated in the province of Silesia, at the foot of the Henschew mountains, half-an-hour from the Bohemian frontier.

Cudowa is not only known for its picturesque situation, but especially for its mineral waters. It was already known for its wonderful springs at the beginning of the 17th century, when a Bohemian nobleman, the chronicle says, sent during the thirty years' war some bottles of Cudowa water to a Swedish general who suffered from rheumatism. Cudowa is situated 1235 feet above the sea and has a very mild climate. The spring water is clear, and has a fresh sour taste. It contains arsenic and iron, and is used both for drinking and bathing. It has a wonderful effect for all nervous diseases, and one might truly call it "il paradiso delle donne." The population consists mainly of Germans, but Czechs is spoken a good deal. In fact, the name Cudowa is a Czechish word and means Poverty. It is here where those poor weavers live one reads so much about in the papers. These weavers have lived there for centuries, and although the Government has offered to provide better homes for them they prefer to live where their forefathers lived and to work as they worked. Their huts cling like nests to the mountains, and when the snow is high they cannot get out for weeks. From early morning till late at night one hears the click, click of the loom, and the reward for the whole day's work is between six and eight cents. They live mostly on potatoes and coffee. I visited some of the houses where the whole family live and work in one room, and I cannot say how sorry I felt for those poor people.

They seem, though, of a cheerful and congenial disposition. Everyone in the village, young and old, salutes you with the words: "Gloibet sei Jesus Christus" (Praised be Jesus Christ), and the answer is, "Auf Ewigkeit Amen." (For Ever, Amen). The beautiful villas, crowded in summer with the highest and richest nobility, form a striking contrast with the poor weavers and their humble dwellings. It is a day's ride from Berlin by rail and stage-coach. CLARA L. HOSTETTER, Berlin, Jan. 9, 1899.

## Lady Hamilton's Dance.

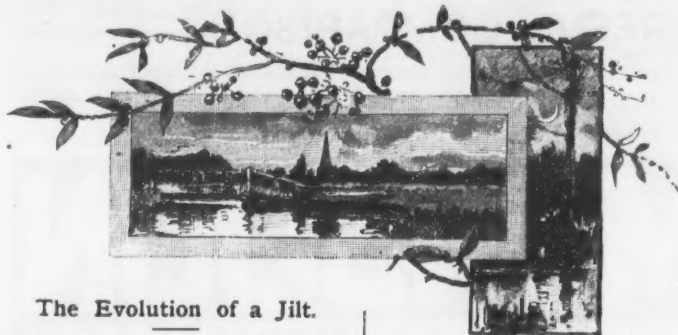
SOMEbody has been discussing the origin of the skirt dance, which has just begun to lose its old popularity, not only on the English stage, but in drawing-rooms as well. The management of the multitudinous skirts could be so discreet that young women danced in them in drawing-rooms, and this diversion came to be regarded as wholly proper. But the skirt dance has of late years lost much of its popularity. Even on the stage its most skillful performers have varied their methods, and the simple gracefulness of Sylvia Gray, Letty Lind and Phyllis Broughton is a thing of the past. The woman who invented the dance seems to have been more famous than anybody supposed. It was no less a person than Emma Hart, Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton. That is the person Francisque Sarcey has selected as the real originator of the dance which in its somewhat degenerate and present estate is largely a matter of calcium lights and dress goods. A letter which M. Sarcey quoted was written by Goethe, and describes what the French critic takes to be the origin of the dance. The famous German wrote in March, 1787:

"Sir Wm. Hamilton, who is still the British Ambassador here, after having studied the works of nature for so long a time, has found a beautiful young woman the most delightful thing in art or nature. She is an English woman, very beautiful in face and figure. She gives an entertainment dressed in a Greek costume. Her hair hangs loose, she takes two shawls in her hands, and she so varies her attitudes, gestures and play of features that it is like a dream. Kneeling, standing, sitting, she assumes by turns an expression of exaltation, repentance, anxiety, remorse, affection."

The skirt dance now is so much the work of the electrician and the limelight man that it is agreeable to find the original inventor of its grace and beauty was a woman.

"What is raised mostly in damp climates?" asked the teacher. "Umbrellas," replied Johnny.—Tit Bits.





## The Evolution of a Jilt.

HE was frantically in love with him and showed it in every look and gesture; this lasted for about a month. Then the trouble began to brew in her busy brain. Slowly, timidly, guiltily her thoughts took shape. "I wish he wouldn't wear a high hat and a frock coat when we just go for a little walk. His feet are so small and his shoulders so sloping. Dear me, I wonder who ever deludes him into wearing those dreadful rings. But he has so much strength of character, and he looks so striking. He is so good to his mother and sisters, and they say he was never drunk in his life. He smokes cigarettes though, and he has such a large mouth I almost wish he would tackle a cigar, just for the look of the thing."

"He said I had an enormous nose the other day. It was very unkind of him to say enormous, because it is only big. It isn't anything compared with his mouth, taking into consideration the respective size of our heads. (I wear a bigger hat than he does.) But you ought to see him with his head shaved. The bump of self-esteem that juts out at the back of his crown is like a peninsula. He has enough to stock a book agency. It's a good thing that he has so much self-esteem, as I have very little. Isn't it fun to be engaged?"

"I wish he wouldn't make fun of me for being so young. I know as much as he does anyway. I wish specially that he hadn't called me an excitable little girl. But I am silly, I suppose."

"We were going down town to-day and he told me to remind him to buy me some candy. Of course he forgot and then upbraid me for not telling him. He gave me four pounds of sweets once when I was at boarding-school, and I took them to the history class and passed them around under the desks. They were all gone by supper time, of course, but he looked real cross when I told him next day that thanks to him the infirmary was overcrowded and the doctor doing a lot of damage. His mother thought it was a joke, but he said I shouldn't eat so many candies, as I wasn't very strong—and oh, I wish he wouldn't. He faints if he doesn't happen to get his breakfast in time, and takes tonics with his supper. I expect he would get tonsillitis if he were to forget his neck-tie, poor dear. I forget half my meals, and tonics make me so hilarious that they have to give me sedatives. When I told him that, he positively looked pained and tried to make me promise not to be so reckless with my health. The fun of it is that if I do happen to dine with him down town my appetite makes him ashamed of me. I do get so hungry trying to amuse him and start him quarreling, which is the only way I can get him to talk."

"I wonder why he never gives me any flowers. He says the horrid things. He asked me, in a half-joking way, if I wasn't in love with him because of his money. I said he hadn't enough to make it worth while. It almost made me angry at him; it certainly wasn't a very refined idea for him to get. It doesn't show as much self-esteem as I thought he had."

"Johnny was up to see me last evening when Brice was there. I persuaded Johnny to sing, and then Brice began too. Brice has the better voice, but he will sing coon songs and things about lodging-house keepers who 'pocketed all the tin,' and people who borrowed tooth-brushes and were as vulgar as they could be. I felt rather uncomfortable when Johnny sang the *Serenade de Braga*, but he didn't go flat once and somehow I don't want to hear Brice sing any more. Brice just hates Johnny."

"When we were over at the Falls yesterday, Johnny took me to a little cliff hanging over the rapids to see the landscape. Brice had been devoting his energies to a flirtation with a little Yankee girl, who got interested and refused to let him go, which annoyed him when he saw I wasn't getting jealous. Johnny said a lot of poetry to me that was out of gear on the metre, so I suppose he wrote it himself—and made touching remarks on the contrasts in people's lives—some resembling the quiet river and others the dashing rapids—and I put in my ear and remarked that a good many lives reminded me of ordinary ponds. I wonder what put that into my head? I used to read Heine and listen to the lotus flowers flirting with the moon and the trees telling ghost stories, but that was before I met Brice. I must get him to come to the woods to-morrow so I can find out if I have forgotten it all. But then he would likely talk about the Yankee girl and tease me about my new hat, which he hates."

"Brice instructed me Saturday to wear my silk dress when I went to church with him the next day. I was quite angry and remarked that young ladies were apt to feel insulted when anybody but their sisters or mother volunteered advice on the subject of their attire. He told me not to mind him; that he only wanted to remind me that a cotton shirt waist was not as pretty as the other. I didn't scold him after all."

"When Brice takes me to the theater he gets a box and a cab, and I have to borrow mamma's fascinator, my sister's gloves and papa's chest protector, besides wearing my only party dress unnecessarily. He never cries nor laughs at the play. He does condescend to get interested

when there is a ballet. He makes the opera-glass sing then. I don't think ballets are very pretty. I wouldn't mind it if the girls weren't sufficiently dressed, if they didn't wear high-heeled shoes and tight corsets, but otherwise they strike me as silly. I do not think my fiance cares whether they are artistic or not. Really some of his nice little comments strike me as horribly sordid, and they make me write sometimes. In the carriage going home he was in a jocular mood. He said he could have married lots of rich girls if I hadn't roped him in. Somehow I became jocular too, then—not the way I usually get at a remark of that nature. It was what the novels call grim humor that made me say that those rich girls had lost a jewel when he became engaged to me. But I was no monopolist, I assured him, so I decided that it was only fair to give them another chance to capture such a bird. He didn't take long to get sober in his conversation. Not long after becoming serious he became abusive, then sarcastic—but he hadn't given the thought to the cultivation of irony that I had. He hadn't had the chance nor the reflective faculty. Isn't it fun to jilt a rich man?"

February 14th, '99.

## The Holding of Big Fairs.

BUFFALO proposes to hold a big Pan-American exposition in 1901, ostensibly to celebrate the centenary of the first sale of building lots on the site of the present city. It is, as *Harper's Weekly* remarks, "incidentally intended, doubtless, to enhance the market value of any Buffalo building lots that may still remain unsold." For some unknown reason Buffalo fondly hopes that all the good things which come back to America after the World's Fair in Paris will be redisplayed at their show. Buffalo has already got together over a million dollars and hopes that the victorious republic will feel so rich after whipping the Spaniards and Filipinos that they will supplement a State grant and bring the amount to be expended up to two and a half million dollars. As the *Weekly* rather jeeringly remarks:

Buffalo is judiciously situated within 300 miles of half the population of the United States. It is cheaper to go there than to Paris, and, in Buffalo's opinion, you get to a better town when you arrive. Buffalo has several breweries, two bishops,

paying the construction expenses. There were many other sources of revenue, but these were all eaten up to pay the operating and other expenses. Thus Chicago paid ten millions more than it got out of its fair, and for years the city was under a cloud. The over-building in preparation for the Fair destroyed rentals and paralyzed further real estate operations. The unemployed thronged the city by the tens of thousands, and from the time of the exposition until now the city has been rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the most vicious concentration of law-breakers on this side of the Atlantic. The assessed valuation of property in Chicago has been rapidly decreasing. Just after the Fair it was \$247,425,442; next year it was three millions less; the next year it was still less, and last year the valuation was fifteen millions of dollars less than when the Fair closed.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* speaking of the experience of that city with its mid-winter fair says:

The Eastern visitors who came to swell the population of San Francisco during the fair were tin-horn gamblers, petty swindlers, female pickpockets, and worse. For many months after the fair closed the dives and dead-falls were bustling and took on an air of prosperity, and the police were kept busy with the "sure-thing" games that sprang up like mushrooms throughout the city. But there was no business prosperity to be traced to the influences of the fair. Considered as a business proposition it was a dismal failure.

Dispassionate judges of the results to Paris and London of their world's fairs are of the opinion that they did more harm than good, though both cities are so well prepared to receive floating population and can never compute how much of their prosperity is due to the fact that people of education and wealth feel that they have not begun to see the world until they have visited Paris and London. As it is in the line of their business, entertaining tourists and selling them goods, they are apt to make more out of such fairs than any New World city, yet it is said to be more than doubtful if their great exhibitions have paid them even after computing the indirect benefits.

## Woman's Mental Capacity.

AN interesting discussion took place in New York one evening last week when members of the Lady Whittier Literary Society accepted a challenge from a young men's club, the Kenworth Literary Society, to discuss the question, "Resolved that the mental capacity of woman is inferior to that of man." The young men failed to establish the affirmative, but some of the points brought forward by the debaters were very interesting.

Joseph L. Epstein, for the affirmative, asserted that inferiority in the female was essential to the peace and permanence of social conditions. He asked what evidence of mental capacity woman had given in the solution of problems such as those that King John's barons solved so effectively, or such as were solved by the men who wrought the American revolution. What woman could show the power of perception of Columbus? Were



THE LATE MR. HUGH RYAN.

and more miles of asphalt pavement than the people of any other American city will admit. If she has a Pan-American Fair, no doubt it will prove an edifying show.

Toronto, however, need not be dismayed. Our show is likely to go on and prosper no matter what purse-proud rivals we may have. Moreover, Buffalo is not to be the only aspirant for business of this sort on the other side of the line. In spite of San Francisco's disastrous experience with the Mid-Winter fair, the people of that city are proposing to hold a Pacific Ocean Exposition commemorating the semi-centennial of the admission of California into the Union. Several Southern cities are also contemplating experiments of a similar sort. It is to be hoped Canada will not be misled by these windy enterprises into attempting anything of the sort until she is thoroughly well prepared to make it the biggest thing of the year on this side of the Atlantic or the other.

The history of world's fairs is one of disaster. The Centennial in Philadelphia, in spite of the enormous attendance, is said to have put that city back at least ten years. The Columbian Exposition cost the city of Chicago five millions of dollars, and as much more was subscribed to the capital stock almost entirely by Chicago capitalists. The gate receipts amounted to another ten million, and yet all the money from these sources was exhausted

there mental equality the divorce courts not only would be full, but special ones would need be established to take care of the business. It was Nature's will that the woman should be inferior, as inferior she was, to the end that peace and tranquillity might be secured in the home, woman's true sphere.

Miss Florence Harmon said that if a man had a \$5 bill and another man had ten half-dollars one man was manifestly as well off as the other. If man had logic, woman had intuition; if he had judgment, she had tact; if he had boldness, she had prudence—different coin, but the same money. All born helpless babes, women had until recently been repressed, whereas men had always been educated.

In Cornell University now three to five fellowships out of eight went annually to women, students of both sexes competing. There had not been time in these few years to develop a woman Webster or Choate, but in hundreds of years few men had reached that development. In magazine articles no inferiority on the part of women could be detected. The most successful architect in London to-day is a woman. A woman's mind had ruled China for the last thirty-five years. What women could do in the administrative offices was not yet shown, Miss Harmon said, but she contended that where the opportunity had been given her, woman



THE LATE MR. B. B. HUGHES.

had shown her equality with man in mental capacity.

Bertram Lebbard granted condescendingly that his opponents might mention a few names of distinguished women, but he declared witheringly that they were but the phenomena, the exception; his opponents might as well undertake to prove that woman was man's physical equal because there were strong women at a museum downtown.

The speaker was severely scored for that. He retorted by asking why, if woman were man's equal mentally, she permitted man to boss everything in the affairs of the world. Woman hadn't even had genius enough to invent her own requisites, he proceeded; man had invented the needle and the thimble. And Dr. Johnson regarded inventive genius as the highest form of intellect. Medicine showed that man had more brain power than woman; his brain weighed more. If woman was man's equal in mental capacity, why had she not done all these things she asserted herself to be able to do and that had been done by man?

Miss May M. Zenn opined that the challengers themselves regarded women as their mental equals, since otherwise they surely would not have challenged the Lady Whittiers. It was certain that God hadn't set the stamp of inferiority on woman, for each creation was nearer perfection than its predecessor, and woman's was the later. God had found after producing Adam that there was still something lacking and had made woman out of finer material, a living bone rather than a dust pile. On the score of brain weight, diseased brains were heavier than sound ones. Woman, ordained to inhabit the earth as long as man did, would by the very necessity of progress eventually become the equal of man in every way.

"They ask us," said Miss Harmon in summing up, "where are the woman Cæsars? There are no such murderers, no such usurpers, no such oppressors of mankind among the fair sex. Can we not invent? Who invented the cotton gin? Mrs. Green. Are distinguished women only the exceptions? It is the exception that proves, for it is always the index of the possible. The greatest mathematician living is a woman. Brain weight? Why, if a man's brain falls to thirty-seven ounces, he is an idiot; a woman's may fall to thirty-two ounces and she be still a success!"

The Rev. Dr. Silverman announced on behalf of the judges of the debate that it had been incumbent upon those who took the affirmative side to establish the fact that woman's mental capacity was inferior, and that they had not done so. With this more or less Scotch verdict the disputants had to make themselves content.

## St. Valentine.

ST. VALENTINE is the patron of lovers, but little is known of him save that he was a priest of Rome, and was martyred there about 270, first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. Charles Lamb sings a psalm to the saint: "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable archdeacon of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet, and thy rocket, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is brushed with the kiss of rustling wings; singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy preceptors; and instead of the crossier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little miscreants, yclept Valentines, cross and turning each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-forsopt twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations no emblem is so common as the heart, that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears, the bestruck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and

tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other thing, else we might easily imagine upon some other system, which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress in perfect simplicity of feeling: "Madame, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal," or putting a delicate question: "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" "Good morrow to my Valentine," sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesan with old Bishop Valentine and his true church. —*Essays of Elia.*

LAST Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yoke and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world. —*The Connoisseur, 1754.*

## A Valentine.

The world was never brighter  
Than now, when day's withdrawn,  
The heavens appear far whiter  
Than at the break of dawn.  
Although when came the morning,  
The bright sun shone on high,  
The world with light adorning,  
But clouds now fill the sky.  
This morn there bloomed a flower,  
No blossom lovelier seemed,  
And on me gently beamed;  
Each eye that saw it cherished  
A deathless memory,  
But now, though it has perished,  
Tis sweeter far to me.  
But yet it is no wonder  
That everything is fair,  
Though skies are black with thunder,  
And darkness fills the air,  
And life has left the flower,  
Which ties a wreck to-night.  
For in my heart this hour  
Came love, so all seems bright.  
ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.  
Toronto, February 14, 1899.

## Mrs. Roomer's Lost Latchkey.

TWO weeks ago Mrs. Roomer was in a state of indignation because the landlord in whose house she occupied the front room up two flights had refused to make her a present of a new latchkey.

"I lost it on those dark stairs," Mrs. Roomer insisted. "I know very well I couldn't have lost it outside, because how could I have opened the door?"

"But, madam"—the landlord tried to expostulate.

"No such thing! Why don't you light your old hall and your landings properly?" "Can you tell me where you did drop it, Mrs. Roomer?" the landlord managed to get in edgewise.

"How can I tell you where I dropped it? If I knew where I dropped it I'd go and pick it up, wouldn't I? I know I didn't drop it on the street. I must have dropped it somewhere on those dark stairs; that's all I know."

For peace sake the landlord took a box of safety matches and went down to the ground floor. Then, beginning with the lowest step on the first flight, he explored every step on the first two flights with a lighted match. One match was devoted to each step. And yet there was no sign of that missing latchkey.

In consequence of this failure to find her key, and because he refused to provide her with a new key gratis, Mrs. Roomer had cherished resentment against her landlord for two weeks. One day last week, having been out on some business, she rang the doorbell and secretly enjoyed the trouble she was giving her landlord, for she knew

that he would come and open the street door.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she said, "I ought to have paid my rent this morning. Wait a minute. Where did I put it? Yes, here it is, in my glove."

She took some bills from the palm of her left glove, and something tinkling dropped on the stone-flagged floor.

"Isn't this your key?" said the landlord, stooping to pick it up.

"Oh, my! So it is! There!" Mrs. Roomer ejaculated in delight.

"You didn't drop it on the stairs, after all," said her landlord with a suspicion of triumph in his smile.

"No, it was inside my glove! Now, you see, Mr. Smith, I was right after all. I told you I didn't drop it on the street. I just knew I hadn't dropped it on the street!" —*N. Y. Sun.*

## Madame Patti's Wedding.

WE live in rapid times. When Madame Patti was led to the altar by Sir George Fandel Phillips, late Lord Mayor of London, she gave another hint as to the saving of precious moments (says the *London Daily Mail*) and started an entirely new fashion of wedding breakfasts.

The idea of the baroness was this. She had bidden to her wedding with her Swedish bridegroom many friends from London. Having decided to be married as quietly as it is possible for a queen of song to contrive to be, she desired to leave the church, like the merest girl after a simple wedding to a young clerk, for the train, en route for her honeymoon.

But the question arose, how should she say good-bye thus unceremoniously to the admiring few who had been privileged to witness her wedding? They, too, would be going to London; it was obviously, then, absurd to say farewell to them at the church door.

Then the happiest of thoughts occurred. Why not all travel to town together? Why not arrange a *recherche* feast in the specially engaged saloon, and while whirling up to London enjoy the good things the best of chefs could provide, and drink a vintage the most precious money could buy?

No sooner said than arranged, and with the order given a new era in wedding breakfasts arrived, appropriately bringing to a spirited conclusion the long series of changes and evolutions witnessed by the century in the ways and customs observed at marriages in this country.

Until the thirties there was no such thing as a working railway in the British Isles; to be quite correct, it was on September 15, 1825, that the Manchester and Liverpool line was opened.

Before that time, brides and bridegrooms indulged in very brief wedding journeys. It took many years of patient plodding on the part of the populace how readily and quickly traveling could be accomplished.

The wedding itself was the function then, especially if it took place in the country, when there were merry-makings galore, in all of which the bride and bridegroom took a prominent part.

Feasting and the drinking of healths went on all day, but before sun-down the bridegroom's horse was brought around, and the bride bidden to put on her cloak and hood for the ride home.

Then into the saddle sprang the lucky man, and up behind him his newly-made wife was perched, and so, she clinging on to him, the two rode off to their new home, which was pretty sure to be adjacent to the scene of the wedding.

A coach with four grey horses and positions in blue and silver carried the wealthy husband and wife to their abode, or to the home of some friend lent them for the honeymoon, and if the journey was delayed until after dark, outriders with loaded pistols in their belts pranced on horseback on either side of the coach to guard the precious lady and her beau inside.

When there were plenty of trains to be caught (people always used to talk of catching trains, as if they were birds or measles, and do it still), the honeymoon became an established custom. Morning weddings only were legal. Most people recollect the change in the law that enabled contracting parties to be married up to three o'clock in the afternoon instead of to only twelve o'clock noon.

Now weddings are legal enough contracted at later hours, and Madame Patti has introduced a practice that threatens already to become very popular, for the wedding breakfast on board a train, with only the very special friends of the bride and groom present, will recommend itself to those who contemplate marriage.

## Mine Host and Mr. Kipling.

THERE is one hotel in Rotterdam, the White Horse by name, and it is kept by an old fellow named Welfare. Rudyard Kipling frequently passed his evenings with this Welfare, and together they smoked and hammered politics. Now, Welfare was a strong Radical, and Mr. Kipling, as is well known, is an advanced Imperialist. In a while Mr. Welfare fell ill. Mr. Kipling called just as usual, and he would sit by the bedside and talk. As before, they bolted politics and talked crosswise and flung their lances. Now, it was the practice of the doctor to call quite late and take his patient's temperature, and he always wondered to find him, in what should have been the quietest hour of the day, heated and perturbed. This went on for several days—the doctor wondering, Mr. Kipling arguing, and Mr. Welfare ignoring—until the maids let out the secret of the nightly discussion. Then the surgeon came to the writer's house.

"Mr. Kipling," said he, "you must call no more at the White Horse."  
"Why not?" said Kipling.  
"Because," said the doctor, "you are killing the landlord. On Monday when you had gone his temperature increased seven degrees. Tuesday it increased eight, and last night when I called it had gone up nine. At this rate you'll burn the house down." —*Philadelphia Call.*



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Alber, Mch. 18	Mch. 26	Mch. 30	Apr. 5
Kaiser Wm. II, Mch. 25	Apr. 1	Apr. 13	Apr. 14
Eme, Apr. 1	Apr. 8	Apr. 15	Apr. 21
Seale, Apr. 15	Apr. 23	Apr. 30	May 4
Alber, Apr. 29	May 6	May 13	May 19
Kaiser Wm. II, Apr. 29	May 6	May 13	May 19
Eme, May 6	May 13	May 20	May 26
Seale, May 20	May 27	June 3	June 10
Alber, May 27	June 3	June 10	June 16

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## Anecdotal.

A Scripture examination was being held recently in an English school, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mt. Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars, the inspector gave them a question, saying: "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar. Why did he put water around the altar?" The children looked amazed, except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy."

A good story of the late George Augustus Sala and Barnum is told. It was on the occasion of the last visit of the famous showman to England. Mr. Sala presided. In the reception room, where all were waiting to welcome the guest of the evening, Mr. Barnum came in beaming, and, shaking hands with the chairman, said, with a strongly-marked Yankee accent: "This is indeed a surprise to me." "Did you hear that?" Mr. Sala whispered. "Why, he arranged for the dinner himself!"

A well known member of '01 had an interesting experience at the At Home Saturday night (says "Parade"). He was introduced to a somewhat young-looking man and opened the conversation thus: "It seems to me I have met you before." "Is that so?" was the answer. "Yes; your face is very familiar. I don't usually forget faces; you're in the first year, are you not?" said the sophomore. "Well, no; but do you take lectures in second year mathematics?" "Yes." "Well, I think I have the pleasure of lecturing to you sometimes."

George Curzon, the new Viceroy of India, whose handwriting became quite illegible at one period of his Oxford career, wrote two letters, one to a relative, and one to a chum with whom he always discussed the faults of their respective relations, and accidentally put these letters into the wrong envelopes. He received a reply from his chum which revealed the mistake, and was about to write a profound apology to his relative when he received the following note from him: "Can't read a word of your four pages, but guess you want some money, you young rascal." Inclosed was a handsome "tip."

They will make a great man of Admiral Dewey if he but keeps at a distance. Grant was once wired: "Don't come home for a year," and his backers made him President. Dewey has the same chance. One of the later stories of Dewey is very effective. A great many Philippine junk

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boats began to cluster about the U. S. war vessels at Manila one day last week, and Dewey had them towed out of the way and gave the Filipino leaders a talk. As they were leaving one of the men began muttering menacingly: "What does he say?" asked Dewey. "He says he will get even with you," replied the interpreter. Turning to a huge marine, Dewey said: "Throw the man overboard," which the sailor promptly did, and Dewey walked off, not turning his head to see the splash, nor did he afterwards make any enquiry or refer to the incident in any way.

Here is another story of Admiral Dewey which the gentle reader will please compare with the preceding one: "Admiral Dewey recently contracted with a native to carry stuff from shore to the Olympia. The boatman, after doing his duty, dressed himself in the latest European fashion to visit the Admiral—silk hat, white shirt, etc. When he presented his bill, Dewey remarked that there were numerous overcharges which he could not pay. The freighter captain protested. Dewey politely replied that he would pay the original bill, nothing more. Mistaking the quiet manner of the Admiral as an admission of wrong, the freighter b came insulting in his manner. With a slight movement of the hand the Admiral remarked to the orderly: "Drop that man overboard." And in a moment the plug hat was floating in Cavite Bay, while the insolent native was swimming to his ship." These two stories, taken together, would seem to indicate that Dewey is in the habit of dropping Filipinos overboard on the slightest provocation, or that his admiring countrymen are manufacturing yarns about him.

## The Superiority of Children.

The Abuse of Clothes—The Worn Out Adjectives—Rare Editions and a Mouse.

I OFTEN wonder at the way men and women speak to little children, as if they were inferior beings and fit subjects for patronage, whereas generally the little child is greatly their superior in many ways. The other day a little child wandered about a room where a smart company were gabbling, laughing, eating, drinking, pushing and staring at the ceremony called "taking in a tea." One woman put her hand under the little round chin of the child and turned her face up to the light. "Hasn't she fine eyes. Who is she like?" she asked of a couple of other women. The girl child stood patiently to be scrutinized. "Very pretty, very pretty," cackled an old girl with eye-glasses, and she patted, or rather rapped, the little curly head with her knobby old kid fingers, and caught a button in a curl and dragged out some silken strands. The little child put up her shoulder and slipped away, only to be caught by the arm by a fat woman, and drawn upon a motherly knee, and kissed by ice cream lips and exhibited to another fat woman, who enquired her age and whether she was a good girl. The child whispered, "Sometimes," and again escaped, only to run against a young matron, who got down on her knees to give her a dozen questions as to how she liked afternoon teas and many kindred absurdities. And other women gathered around her, and pushed her, and pinched her, and pawed her, until with a great rush she escaped from the room and took refuge upstairs. And there a woman foregathered with the child by saying, "Are you tired of it too, dearie? Well, let's just listen to the music," which they did, and meanwhile the child imparted much interesting information about a doll and a cat and some kittens, helping out her story with gestures, but stopping with a warning "hush" until the musicians ended each selection. And when the woman was summoned away the child held her hand for a moment and said, "I'm sorry you must go," quite sincerely and simply, and just then a giddy creature cried, "Oh, there's the lovely baby; she won't take to us at all. Doesn't she want some sweets?" and the child gave one little gasp and fled away upstairs again. I think children have a deal to put up with from their inferiors and elders.

The impropriety of the nude does not at all equal the impropriety of the clothed if one looks at the two without prejudice. The old maid in Boston who puts pajamas on her piano legs, and the old maid in Chicago who puts several roses, a bird of paradise and a poultice of creped chiffon on her head-covering, can throw no stones at each other, for each illustrates the superfluity and misappropriateness of clothing. Clothing is suggestive, immodest and even indecent, without being amenable to law; women go half-naked unapproved, wear appliances and instruments of torture with smiling faces and suffering forms, pile birds and imitations of birds upon their heads, distort their feet and mince on their toes for the sake of wearing ridiculous shoes at an angle of 45 and two sizes too small; cheerfully lie in saying that high-heeled shoes and wasp-waisted corsets are not uncomfortable, and that they feel no discomfort in wearing open-work silk hose in mid-winter, and that they never wear flannels, because they don't need them, not because their bulkiness spoils their slender figures, which is the truth. Clothes and their abuses are one of the sins of all ages since the classic and elegant robes of the ancients degenerated to the Louis XV. shoes and the figure-improving French corset with their superstructure of senseless frills and furbelows and laces. Sometimes a great impatience of clothes and fashions and *chic* and *dernier cri*, and all the shop-worn rubbish of attire, with *entre deux* and *plastrons* and *empiecements* and *gimpes* and *iridescent spangles* and picture hats and the lot of the shop-woman talk of our crazy coverings, seizes me, so that I would like to be a Fiji Islander or a Zulu lady, who dresses her hair marvelously and lets her body go!

There hangs in a woman's sanctum in Jarvis street the full dress costume of a Zulu lady. It is a rather generously sized belt of woven strands of grass, with several strings of blue beads as a fringe. The lady saw her "exquisitely gowned" in this *recherche* trifle and said to her courier that she would like to buy a similar garment for home consideration. The courier mentioned the fact to the Zulu and gave her a commission to get one for so much. Gravelly the dusky belle untied the fetching garment, handed it to the courier, received the few coppers he offered, and stalked off in dignified unconcern, no doubt feeling a woman of means, even without her dress suit.

I am tiring also of the adjectives of this modern life; I groan when I hear "charming," and "fetching" has been so many places where it has no right that it is time it was called within bounds. It is to be hoped that some new adjectives may speedily come into use. Curious, isn't it! how they get worn out and finally, when they almost produce nausea, they are cast out. Who ever says anything is "awfully jolly" nowadays? Yet some twenty years ago "awfully jolly" was the description of anything from a sermon to a lemon pie, and we used to add "don't you know" as if anyone could know so idiotic a misstatement. "Fit" and "smart" and "chic" and "lovely" are all limping along with scarce enough go to carry them to the end of the century. "Stunning" is comparatively fresh, "modish" is staggering under the weight of ill-doing. "Enjoyable" is relegated to second-class diction, "delightful" is a "has been." I am going to rout out some old *Spectators*, and various ancient tomes, and see if other ages cannot supply me with some obsolete adjectives which will be as good as new and a monstrous relief.

The other day I ran down for half an hour to inspect the new departure in the way of a publisher's quarters which Mr. Morang has made. It is certainly a very interesting place, partly on account of its novelty, for who expects a publisher's office to be a cute little cream-colored house with a colonial porch and pillars, but much more because of the things which one can see there, the beautiful, costly, elegantly bound things, the quaint things, the mysterious things in queer languages, the *editions de luxe* of the author one loves and honors. There is a new thing, a bound bible volume, with all Tissot's pictures of the Life of Christ illustrating the sacred text. I intended to tell you of this French artist's exhibition of these pictures which I saw in New York last November. Scores of them he has painted, the strangest exhibition you ever saw, taking away many of your ideas and giving you queer new ones; and they haunt you and interest and displease you, all at the same time. There had been a small and select gathering at the publisher's little colonial house that day, and there had been a mild and modified blow-out of tea and sandwiches, and I had some, late though I was for the fair. I was trying to be as learned as the surroundings demanded and drink my tea with the air of a Socrates imbibing hemlock, when suddenly I saw a mouse! Up went my feet under me, and I squaled dismally. If a worthy waiter had not sworn to the mouse, the publisher nor the secretary would never have accepted my statement. After that I didn't try to be dignified nor learned, and I didn't take any interest in rare editions. I wanted only to get out of the cute colonial residence and leave the mouse to nibble two hundred-dollar bindings. If there are going to be mice in heaven, I don't believe I shall be able to stay there.

LADY GAY.

## Books and Shop Talk.

Occasionally there come to this office criticisms which would suggest that there must still be newspapers that are run on very queer principles. The following is contained in a circular sent us by *Music-Song and Story*, a new one dollar per annum monthly published in New York: "I will send it regularly to any address you name in return for your printing a monthly notice of it in your literary or musical column and the insertion of my electrolytized advertisement at such times as will be convenient to you—when there is a hole in your makeup needing some such thing as a filler, for instance. I will send you a prepared notice every month, but will be just as well pleased to have you print your own opinion in your own way."

A newspaper worth a dollar a year asking a quarter-column notice once each month and a 40 line ad. whenever there is a hole to fill up, is a kind of proposition that should have been discouraged long ago, but that such circulars continue to be issued goes to show that they continue to serve a purpose. To favorably mention a good publication is something that an editor should occasionally do in a world where merit is so often unrewarded, but how an editor can so cheapen his paper as to run a quarter-column ready-made notice of a cheap publication once a month passes all understanding.

The Riddle of Existence Solved, or an Antidote to Infidelity. By W. J. Fenton. (276 pages, cloth 75c. Toronto: Henderson & Co., 8 Lombard street). About two years ago Prof. Goldwin Smith in his *Gurges* at the Riddle of Existence drew upon himself the fire of believers in orthodox Christianity, though it seems, even in

the hottest fusillade, without the effect of disturbing his equanimity. The present volume is an effort to show the Professor his mistakes. The author has aimed at convincing those who are apt to be moved by guesses, inferences, clever queries and often unauthorized deductions, that a solid course of arguments, having the Bible as a foundation, is much safer material with which to construct a system of belief. He makes no pretension to literary skill or scholarship, but gives evidence of both. His handling of much Biblical material is clever and in the main effective. Full as the book is of short and often unanswerable paragraphs, it reminds one somewhat of Lambert's unmerciful handling of Ingersoll. Upon its accepted basis, the Bible, it furnishes indisputable answers to many of the guesses. The Bible is still to be counted on. It is believed in by many people, indeed by very many people.

John Maxwell, a reporter on the Chicago Tribune, obtained a verdict of \$10,000 damages against Nat C. Goodwin, the actor, for infringement of copyright. Mr. Goodwin's play *Ambition* was shown to be pirated from Maxwell's play, *Congress*.

## Prairie Greyhounds.

C.P.R. WESTBOUND.  
I swing to the sunset land,  
The world of prairie, the world of plain,  
The world of promise, and hope, and gain,  
The world of gold, and the world of grain,  
And the world of the willing hand.

I carry the brave and bold,  
The one who works for the nation's bread,  
The one whose past is a thing that's dead,  
The one who battles and beats ahead  
And the one who goes for gold.

I swing to the land to be,  
I am the power that laid its floors,  
I am the guide to its western stores,  
I am the key to its golden doors,  
That open alone to me.

C.P.R. EASTBOUND.  
I swing to the land of morn,  
The gray old east, with its gray old seas,  
The land of leisure, the land of ease,  
The land of flowers and fruits and trees,  
And the place where we were born.

Freighted with wealth I come,  
Food, and fortune, and fellow that went  
For out west on adventure bent,  
With well-worn pick and a folded tent,  
Is bringing his bullion home.

I never will be renounced,  
As my twin that swings to the western marts,  
For I am she of the humbler parts,  
But I am the joy of the waiting hearts,  
For I am the home-wound bound.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON  
In the Manitoba Free Press.

## The Queen of Miquelon.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* appears to have woven together quite a romantic story about Madame Gavette, "Queen of Miquelon." On her husband's death Madame Gavette succeeded to the management of the modest "hotel" which he had owned and which was chiefly patronized by the sailors who frequent Miquelon in the summer. Her firm hand soon made itself felt. Thus, on a dispute occurring in the bar, she is reported to have intervened in the following fashion: "Messieurs," said Madame Gavette as she appeared on the scene of the disturbance with her brightest smile and a revolver in her right hand, "yonder esplanade is an excellent place on which to settle your little disputes. I'll have none of them here, and I swear to you by St. Agathe that I'll shoot the first sailor attempting a *fracas* on these premises." The same spirit of determination was apparently manifest in all her business dealings. For

Madame Gavette grew richer and richer year by year. She purchased a few acres of rock back of the esplanade, on which she erected fifty sailors' boarding-houses. Those boarding-houses are kept in splendid condition, and yield a handsome revenue to the "Queen of Miquelon." She has organized a police force to guard her interests, which she pays liberally, and has altogether more than 1,000 names on her pay-roll, for she owns a fleet of brigs, schooners, and other sailing craft, trading with France, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. She is phenomenally fortunate in her undertakings, all her employees are insured, and upwards of fifty

TO BURN,  
TO CRACK,  
TO DESTROY.

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suits us always, as then we are sure of another steady customer. Monsoon Indo Ceylon Tea is guaranteed to please, or you can get your money back. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 80 cents per lb.

## MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

widows and superannuated seamen draw pensions from her treasury. As to smuggling? Banish the suspicion. Not a cent's worth of contraband goods, we are assured, has ever "been traced to the ownership of Her Majesty of Miquelon."

"Dreadful! That young man and his wife who seemed so much in love have been arrested—as swindlers." "That proves their devotion, you see. They were taken up with each other."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping." "Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, touching his hat; "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

BAD-TEMPERED BRUCE—I never get dreadfully tired of life. I don't see the sense of it, and I am sure, to lie down and sleep for ever, which you say would be so lovely, is the ambition of the beasts that perish, not of an imperial soul. You'll learn better in time, Bruce. In the meantime your writing says you are positive, somewhat prejudiced, obstinate, ambitious for material good and anxious to make a good showing, cranky and inartistic. It is a great pity to see the great force of vitality of your nature feeding upon itself. You may be such good things if you discipline and deny yourself. I am afraid you are too material to take this fully in, and too unscrupled and wilful to have patience to understand it. Erratic impulse, with your strength, is a serious thing, my friend.

SCRATCHY.—I cannot give you a second study. You have so much ambition to rise and make a good appearance that I am sure you will do better every year. This is a fairly good hand. 2. Yes, a woman, Scratchy, and no doubt about it.

MADGE.—Writer is amiable, dainty in tastes, particular how she looks, and not averse to flattering comment. Self-reliance is good, and perseverance fair. Some magnetism which probably attracts admirers is shown. Writer loves fun, has somewhat conservative ideas, excellent discretion, impulse and energy. Honesty, truth and honor are shown. A practical rather than romantic temperament and generally pleasant disposition.

SEPTEMBER.—Paul appealed to Cæsar because he (Paul) was a Roman citizen. Tarsus had received the privileges of a Roman citizen, and Paul was born in Tarsus. He had a right to be tried before the Emperor at Rome, if he chose to demand it. Even had Festus and Agrippa released him, the Jews would have put him to death by craft. Therefore he probably appealed to Cæsar in order to be sent to Rome to have a chance to preach the new religion to the Romans. For two years he did so, as you probably know, no one bothering their heads about him, and he made shoals of converts. If he had to die for his faith, at least he wanted to spread his gentle principles as much as possible first. You know what an impulsive enthusiast he was, and also how keen and well educated a speaker. I admire him immensely. 2. Your writing is quite immature, but excellently promising.

LULA.—What a pity you had to wait so long. I am sure your former letter is either answered or never reached me. I do not recall either the writing or the signature. 2. You are energetic and impetuous, self-reliant and rather a dashing personage generally, well able to take care of yourself and perhaps of others also. Increasing force and courage are yours, and a good deal of determination; caution, a touch of pessimism, and perseverance under difficulties. 'Tis a fine vital hand.

MICHIGAN.—I. Go to, you Scotchman. You haven't been a reader of this paper for twelve years, for the best of all reasons. And I don't "guess at" your character, or perhaps I should write you down an ass, which you are far from being. Sometimes a letter such as yours have written me would be an impertinence, but you are too serious to be impertinent, and succeed only in being tactless and a trifle conceited. You have a first-class opinion of your own ability, and as likely as not will convince your friends of it. You are a bit too fond of talking, however, and your hand does not always justify your bluff. I do not "smile" at the way people take interest in this column, because I confess to a good deal of interest in graphology and have studied it very carefully. Your readiness to believe it a humbug and your frankness in stating the same would be suicidal in a greater matter. But it is a long way to Michigan, and you are quite safe. You are adaptable, plausible, practical, careless of small matters, with some facility ambition and self-reliance. You will never give away anything you want yourself, nor yet lose an advantage for the sake of asking for it. It is rather a showy and meretricious specimen, but beneath all is good strong stuff and a sturdy sense of justice which will probably lead you to be sorry you judged my efforts so flippantly. Your remark that it will be a pleasure to write and tell me I have failed to give you a true delineation is just one of the crude things your yeasty mind throws out at random, not considering its import or value. If it wasn't for the first letter your signature would be such a fine one; it confesses the weak spot in you, and is a bad give-away, that old "J." I am loath to find fault with so much hampered good material.

FRANCIS DECKMERE.—It is a very serious and trustworthy small woman, practical, constant and honest, just and even-tempered. You are plain in speech and no diplomatist, but a girl one could very well place confidence in safely.

G. B. R.—I cannot possibly give you the

## The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when he sells you an imitation of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

## Adams' Tutti Frutti

Is made from pure chic gum, and there is no other gum "just as good" or half so good.

## Salt at Table

Think how often you say, "Please pass the salt." Are you sure you always get the best there is—Windsor Salt? No lumps in it—no impurity—and with the full strength of the natural crystal. "Salt at table" means salt on the food you eat, and if you wish to avoid calling impurities always order

Windsor Salt  
The Windsor Salt Co.  
LIMITED  
WINDSOR, Ont.



## The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES  
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous Affections and Impurities of the Blood. Endorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and Allott's System of Medicine. Experienced Physicians and attendants in Massage Treatment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLMSON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines.  
Open the year round

Dr. Ward's  
Blood & Nerve Pills  
CURE DYSPEPSIA

WHIRLWIND  
CARPET TAKEN UP,  
CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.  
CLEANER  
Cor. Bloor and Manning  
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names of books to read unless you tell me what way your tastes and habits incline and how much you've done already. It is no giving school-girl literature to mature woman, nor vice versa. History, science, humanity, sport, psychology, which do you want information about, my dear paper person? Your writing has a mature twist to it. You may like travels. If so, Nansen's book, Tyrell's book, and one just out by Johansen, Nansen's friend, will take you into such quarters that Canada will seem quite tropical. You can get them all from George Morang, 90 Wellington street west, Toronto. New books of story are mentioned continually in the review column. I can recommend *Ayrlyn*, by Watte-Dunton, and have you read Paul Leicester Ford's books, or Hopkinson Smith's? The Bain Lending Library let city readers have a splendid choice of the newest books for twenty-five cents each to be returned in a given time. 2. Your writing shows tenacity, originality, light will and very decided expression; you protest more than you do. You are sensible, logical, persevering, and have good sequence of ideas. Are strong more than tactful, may be reserved, and would be inclined to keep your plans and wishes to yourself. There is a nervousness which often impairs your efforts.

INDIGNANT.—Very suave, plausible and rather speculative is this specimen. Writer talks well, and more of it, and turns smooth corners; might be a power in argument but doesn't seem to have much fight in reality. Likes the pleasant ways of life, is easily influenced, and has the tact and pleasantness of a courtier. Highly perceptive and receptive, and sympathetic and somewhat original. The judgment and poise which lack are a serious want.

AURELIE.—I. Was that your very own? Shake hands if it was. The sentiment is wholesome and touches the very springs of life. 2. Your writing shows force, concentration, energy, good temper, independence, honesty, love of social intercourse, freedom of expression, continuity of purpose, and reasonable self-preservation. You are receptive, observant, and have some poetic fancy. The whole study is fine, well knit together, and while not particularly enterprising or snappy, is full of fine traits.



## Studio and Gallery

QUITE a few years ago Morelli, a Florentine antiquary, made reference in his writings to a hitherto unknown portrait of Dante, said to be by Dante's friend and contemporary, Giotto. The portrait was thought to be part of the fresco in the chapel of Podesta in Florence, a fresco painted in 1302 and which was relegated to oblivion as many other frescoes have been, such, for instance, as the frescoes in the Santa Chiara, "to give more light to the Church," and the early Byzantine frescoes obliterated by the wish of the facile whitewash brush. The chapel of Podesta was taken for prison offices, hence there was no need of art in its environments. Several friends, including an artist, Seymour Kirkup, resolved in 1840 to search for the portrait, agreeing to pay to the authorities all expenses whether the researches were successful or not. The first portion uncovered brought to light the portrait of Dante. A hole had been knocked in one of the eyes. The Minister of Public Works, with the assistance of a painter, undertook the contract of constructing a new eye. Between them an eye was fabricated, somewhat out in its measurements, and by a slip of engineering a little out in location, two trifling defects which public works are sometimes apt to have. A very pathetic and all-embracing statement, full of suggestion, is then made by the eye-witness, S. Kirkup, in his account: "Not content with that they painted the rest of the face to match the new eye." No doubt this later eye, if it saw not so far into the mysteries of the future and unknown world as its predecessor had done, was constructed with a view to sighting the main chance in this present world, which after all is a fine thing, of doubtful art merit perhaps, and which by no degree of accuracy can be called Dantesque. The figure was dressed in the three colors worn by Beatrice, emblematic of Faith, Hope and Charity. The colors, however, belonged at that time to the Democratic party, and to Freemasonry as well. With that inspiration which can only have birth in the soul of a politician the combination was changed to suit, not the requirements of art, but the exigencies of politics. The green was changed to chocolate. So Dante was transformed, not restored, rehabilitated according to the creed of political ethics. And the world was enlarged, not enriched, with a painting once a masterpiece, but now the combined effort of Giotto, Marini and a minister of public works. If the latter two had only left Dante with his one eye!

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst seems bent on leaving the world far more beautiful than she found it. It will be remembered that she provided for an elaborate competition among the architects of America and Europe for the best plans for the reconstruction, on a grand scale, of the grounds and buildings of the University of California. Now she has undertaken a like labor in behalf of the city of San Francisco. She has formally proposed to set the minds of the ablest engineers in the world at work on plans for rearranging the streets of that town, opening and grading new boulevards and constructing a new system of sewerage. The city hears her proposal gladly, and it is pointed out that inasmuch as San Francisco has no debt, there is no reason why such plans as Mrs. Hearst may provide should not be carried out. Here is a lady who knows the value of money.

A farmer from the far West one day visited the Cincinnati Museum of Art, accompanied by the hackman who was taking him around the city to see the sights. The hackman, with all the volubility of his tribe, volunteered explanations of the different objects in the Sculpture Hall. After pointing out every object as a Venus that could conveniently be called so, he summed up the situation

in these words: "Now, you see, most nearly everything 'ere has snakes on it," and then impressively, "that's art."

The second of the winter course under the auspices of the League of School Art is to take place to-day at three o'clock p.m. in the Rosedale school. The ladies had every reason to be satisfied with the attendance at their musicale, which was the first of the course, and anticipate even better attendance at the lecture on Savonarola to be delivered by Prof. Clark to-day.

Vassili Verestchagin, like his countryman, Tolstol, believes in the utility of art supremely. He paints with a purpose, a high and noble purpose surely—revealing the horror and the crime of war. There are now on exhibition at the Grafton Galleries a number of his works. The London *Truth* says of them: "There is no smoke on his canvases to hide the grim and gruesome horror that haunts the modern 'stricken field' like a spectre. He shows us the shattered limbs, the bloodstained bandages, the contorted corpses in all their revolting reality, and in his bitter irony paints as the 'Apotheosis of War' a pyramid of bleached and grinning human skulls, 'dedicated to all great conquerors, past, present and future.'" He is even courageous enough to upset the general and much-believed-in representations of Napoleon which the multitude of recent biographers have so confidently pictured for us, and gives us instead "an over-fat, undersized man, wrapped carefully up in a voluminous green velvet dressing gown thickly lined with sable, and wearing padded boots, and with something comically like a dilapidated maff upon his head. In a word, the Napoleon who retreated from Moscow must have looked much more like an animated bolster than the boastful despot whom Europe had so long had cause to fear. And there is reason to believe that Verestchagin's version of the great warrior is the right one, for he painted his portrait of him, he tells us, from a sketch taken by an eye-witness in 1812."

The large and valuable collection of Thomas B. Clarke of New York, consisting of costly paintings, old Chinese porcelain and pottery, Greek and Etruscan vases and other antiquities, is to be sold by auction. Out of the proceeds a fund will be set apart for an annual award for the best figure composition at the spring exhibition of the American National Academy of Design.

Pavle de Chevanne is to be honored in his birthplace, Lyons, by having a public square named after him. Simultaneously comes the news of the still greater honor of an exhibition of his works to be given in the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris.

JEAN GRANT.

### Scottish Impartiality.

Color-Sergeant of Highland company (in which were one or two English) calling the roll:

"Angus Mackay!" No reply. Louder: "Angus Mackay!" Still no reply. (*Sotto voce*): "I ken ye're there; yer aye at yer joce, decent mon, but ye're ower modest to speak before sae many folk. I see ye fine." Marks him down in the roll.

"John Jones!"

Squeaky voice replies: "Ere." Sergeant: "Ou, ay, ye're here, or say ye're here, but ye're sic a muckle leary I canna believe a word that comes out o' yer mouth, sae I'll jist mark ye doon as absent!"

### A Severe Question.

From *Variety*.

At a quiz class, some time ago, in a certain course—most indefinite—the professor placed the search-light of his interrogatory genius on the responsive or intellectual faculties of a certain freshman. The latter was pried with question after question to all of which he was forced to confess ignorance. Finally the Professor became exasperated, and down fell his dignity with a crash as he sarcastically inquired: "Well, my 'little fellow,' and have you ever heard of Queen Victoria?"

## NOTHING LIKE IT.

Dodd's Kidney Pills' Cures are Simply Marvellous.

People Read of New Cures Every Day—All are Genuine—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mr. C. S. Griggs of Hamilton of Bright's Disease.

HAMILTON, Feb. 13.—"I never knew anything like the way these testimonials to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in Kidney Diseases, appear in the newspapers," said a citizen, a couple of evenings ago, as he laid down his paper, after having read one of the testimonials. "How is that?" queried his friend. "Well, no matter what paper you take up, you find in it, the narrative of a cure of Kidney Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. And, mind you, every time it is a new case that's talked about. They don't harp on the one case all the time, so, if they are all true, Dodd's Kidney Pills must be curing people by thousands."

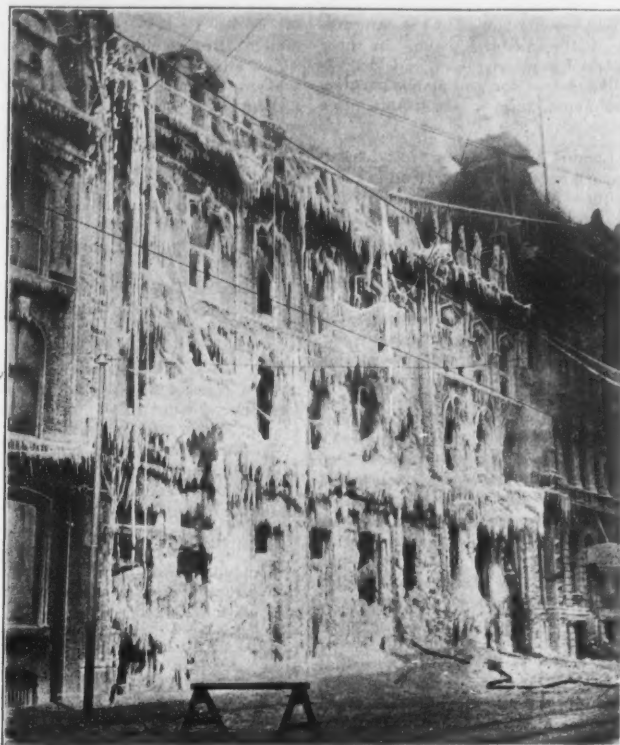
"Don't you think the testimonials are true?" questioned his friend.

"Oh yes, I know they are. Now here's a case that I've investigated:

"Mr. C. S. Griggs, a carpenter, who lives at 151 Queen street South, Hamilton, says he was told, eight years ago, that he had Bright's Disease. He couldn't get any relief, let alone a cure, till he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. He used three boxes of that remedy, and was completely cured by them."

"I don't know how many Hamilton people have been cured of Kidney Diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but the number must be enormous, for hardly a week passes that I don't see a testimonial from one of our citizens, in the papers."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a great medicine—the only Kidney Cure under the sun."



The Morning After the Fire.

The ruins of the burnt warehouse of Gowans, Kent & Co. were clothed in a sheet of ice last Friday morning and in the bright sunlight presented a fire sight that thousands came to see. [From a photo by Mr. Rippon.]

### A Hero of Peace.

WHEN people in the business center of Toronto learned on Thursday morning that a stubborn fire was under way on Front street near the Board of Trade building and that a general alarm had been sent to all the fire halls, the streets quickly filled with men hurrying towards the scene. On Colborne street at the corner of Yonge stood one of the hook and ladder trucks, and a fireman, who had just come from the burning building, rushed up and spoke to the driver.

This fireman had evidently hurried to the spot at the first alarm, and unprepared for what he had to undergo, for on his head was a small cloth cap and on his hands woolen mitts.

The man was in a condition not readily to be forgotten by those who saw him. He had apparently been in the thick of the fight, deluged with icy water that froze upon him as it fell. His cap was helmeted over with ice, his hair was bedded in ice; from his eyebrows and moustache hung icicles; his ears were badly frozen—puffed and bleeding from frost or from rough treatment; his rubber coat was sheeted in ice. Raising his mittened hands to remove his cap he found them huge and useless—he could not take off his cap. Others did it for him. Then the driver of the truck offered him a fireman's helmet which would not fit, but under the

two feet away you could not hear what the two firemen were saying. The drenched and frozen man uttered no complaint; the driver of the fire-truck wasted no words. With the new cap drawn over his head the fireman turned and ran back to the scene of the fire—back into the smoke, the ice-water, the killing frost—to mount ladders rung with ice, to scale walls sheeted with it, to traverse roof-tiled with it, to tug at a huge hose that, once stretched from the ground to the top of a building, quickly encased itself in ice until it could stand alone—a pole of ice and rubber.

This man may have been one of those who afterwards clung for an hour and a half high up on the aerial truck, or high up on the water tower; or he may have been one of those who fought with the fire through the long afternoon, or one of those who stood over the conquered fire all through the night with the thermometer registering from eight to twelve below zero, while two hundred thousand citizens shivered in their beds.

Peace has her heroes as well as war—not much to look at maybe, not gifted in the art of posing, but true as steel. If that ice-fettered, frost-gnawed fireman could have presented himself to the view of all the people of this city of Toronto, there might have been less parsimony in dealing with him and his fellows in the future. From it there might have been evolved a scheme whereby the man who shows courage in fighting fire could gain as good a pension and as big a bronze medal as the man who shows courage in fighting half-breeds or Arabs.

But he did not show himself. He rushed back into the smoke to hurl his spear at the heart of the fire monster.

Five Cards Told the Story.

"I WAS dealing a game out of the box in Kansas City back in '84 when a man killed himself in the upstairs part of the establishment," said a man with short gray hair and a pair of piercing eyes. "I was the first man upstairs after the shot was fired, and when I looked the man over I remembered him as a young chap of rather dissolute habits who had struck Kansas City with apparently plenty of money only a few weeks before. There were five or six four-handed poker games running in the room. I asked the three men—cattlemen from Kansas, they were—what had ailed their table-mate. They passed it up."

"He just hauls out his gun sudden, and does the Dutch act," said one of them. "Maybe he was a hard loser. I believe we're into him for a few hundreds."

"Didn't he say anything at all before

plugging himself?" I asked.

"Nary a say," was the reply. "Just scanned his hand—pretty fairish-sized jack-pot, which he had opened himself—and then he reaches behind and brings up that silver-mounted pop-gun, which don't look like it's built to kill a full-grown man at that. Then he puts it behind his right ear—we just looking at him, thinking he's fooling—and off it goes, and there he is, too dead to skin. It's a queer enough game to get me going."

"A jack-pot, you say?" I inquired.

"Who won?"

"The men looked at one another. They didn't know. The young fellow had put the ball in his head before the pot was decided. They looked at their hands that they had thrown face down when the young man had shot himself. One of them had tens up on nine, that he had had on the go-in. Another had a pair of queens, also on the go-in, and the last of the three had drawn to an ace and failed to connect. Then I turned over the suicide's cards, that he had laid down neatly before reaching for his gun. There were a pair of sixes, an eight, a tray and a king. I showed the cards to the three men. They understood."

"The ombre needn't have killed himself over it," said one of them. "He might have got thrown out of the window and his pile confiscated, but he wouldn't ha' got killed."

"The young fellow had taken a big win-out chance in a moment of desperation by opening a jack-pot without holding the openers, and when it failed to go through he was afraid of the consequences, or crazy, or something, and so he just let gaslight into his head, which, for all the men who had been playing with him said, would unquestionably have happened to him when they discovered that he had opened the jack without openers."—*Washington Post*.

### Dooley and the Philippines.

[Peter Dunne of Chicago may be described as the New Humorist. His Dooley talks in the *Chicago Journal* are the freshest product of the times. We reproduce a part of Dooley's latest utterance.]

"WHIN we plant what Hogan calls th' 'starry banner iv freedom in th' Philippines,' said Mr. Dooley, 'an' give th' sacred blessin' iv liberty to th' poor, down-throdden people iv thim unfortunate isles—dam thim—we'll learn thim a lesson.'"

"Sure," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly, "we have a thing or two to learn ourselves." "But it isn't fr thim to learn us," said Mr. Dooley. "Tis not fr thim wretched an' degraded crathurs, without a mind or a shirt iv their own, fr to give lessons in politeness an' liberty to a nation that manyfacturers more dressed beef than any other imperial nation in th' wurld. We say to thim: 'Naygurs, we say, 'poor, dissolute, uncovered wretches,' says we, 'whin th' cool hand iv Spain forged man'cles fr ye'er limbs, as Hogan says, who was it crossed th' sayan struk off th' come alongs? We did, by dad, we did. An' now, ye mis'rabile, childish-minded apes, we propose fr to learn ye th' uses iv liberty. In ivry city in this unfair land we will erect school-houses, an' packin'-houses, an' houses iv correction, an' we'll learn ye our language, because 'tis asier to learn ye ours than to learn ourselves yours, an' we'll give ye clothes if ye pay fr thim, an' if ye don't ye can go without, an' whin ye'er hungry ye can go to th' morgue—we mane th' rest'rant—an' ate a good square meal iv army beef. An' we'll send th' gr-rat Gin'ral Egan over fr to learn ye etiket an' Andrew Carnegie to learn ye pathetism with blow-holes in it, an' Gin'ral Alger to learn ye to bound into a job, an' whin ye've become educated an' have all th' blessin' iv civilization that we don't want, that'll count ye wan. We can't give ye anny votes because we haven't more thim enough to go 'round now, but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his children if we have to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies. So come to our arms,' says we."

"But glory be, 'tis more like a rasslin' match than a father's embrace. Up gets this little monkey of an Aguinaldo an' says he: 'Not for us,' he says. 'We thank ye kindly, but we believe,' he says, 'in pathronizin' home industries,' he says,

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an', he says, 'I have on hand,' he says, 'an' fr sale,' he says, 'a very superiour brand iv home-made liberty like ye'er mother used to make,' he says. 'Tis a long way fr'm ye'er plant to here,' he says, 'an' be th' time a cargo iv liberty,' he says, 'got out here an' was handled be th' middlemen,' he says, 'it might spoil,' he says. 'We don't want anny col' storage or embalmed liberty,' he says. 'What we want an' what th' ol' reliable house of Aguinaldo,' he says, 'supplies to th' thrade,' he says, 'is fr-rish liberty, r-right off th' farm,' he says. 'I can't do annything with ye'er proposition,' he says. 'I can't give up,' he says, 'th' rights fr which fr five years I've fought an' bled ivry man I could reach,' he says. 'Unless,' he says, 'ye'd feel like buyin' out th' whole business,' he says. 'I'm a pathrite,' he says, 'but I'm no bigo,' he says.

An' there it stands, Hinnissy, with the indulgent parent kneelin' on th' stomach iv his adopted child, while a dillyzation fr'm Boston bastes him with an umbrella."

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**Soon Helped Him Across.**

VERY self-important little man, of the kind who gaze at the public buildings with the keen glance of one who has money invested in them, and who regarded public officials with the piercing glance which counsels them to earn their money or account for themselves, approached a tall policeman the other day with indignation glistening in his eyes.

"I demand to know," he said in a firm voice, "why I am forced to remain on this side of the street when my business calls me to the other?"

The policeman looked a trifle startled for a second or so, but recovering himself he replied:

"Well, who's keepin' you from goin'?"

"The traffic, sir; the traffic of vehicles. Yet pedestrians are supposed to have the right of way."

"Well," gruffly responded the officer, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to insist on my rights, sir," said the responsible citizen.

"That's easy," said the officer.

"And see that I get them."

"That will be harder."

"You are a public servant in the public pay, and at the call of the public. I therefore, demand a safe passage for my person across this thoroughfare. It is your duty to see that my demands are complied with."

The big policeman looked at him for a moment in a quandary, then, seeming to solve the problem, he said, with a wink in his eye:

"A safe passage you want, is it? Well, you shall have it."

And, before the responsible little citizen could divine his intention, he picked him up, tucked him under his arm, and was dodging between the horses' heads across the street. The little man had not recovered on the opposite pavement, and started his breath before the bluecoat dropped him back again.—*Ex.*

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**Hawking.**

Falconry is about to be revived in England. Four new hawking clubs are about to be formed in that country and several are reported under way in Ireland. It is not unlikely that the sport may soon be introduced in America. Grouse-hawking will become the most popular branch of the sport, for the simple reason that when the operations are carried out upon a broad expanse of open moor, every twist, and turn, and stoop, and motion of the hawk, as well as those of his quarry, may be perceived without difficulty. Most of the inexperienced young falconers, however, are likely to begin by flying merlins at larks before they dare to risk handling peregrines.

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## MUSIC

I understand that Mr. Torrington has decided to make another attempt to organize a permanent orchestra in this city. He has after much deliberation made up his mind to initiate the scheme on an elementary basis, that is to say, he will endeavor to use the services of the resident orchestral players supplemented by those of a few talented amateurs. He hopes that with the necessary encouragement he may be enabled in course of time to strengthen the orchestra by the addition of imported players at the leading or weak points. In the absence of a substantial guarantee fund, we must thankfully accept Mr. Torrington's project. One can only hope that he will receive adequate encouragement, not only from the general public, but from his brother musicians. Anything in the way of progress is better than stagnation. Our acquaintance with the standard orchestral works is so limited that Mr. Torrington's announcement will be hailed with satisfaction by the musical community. The occasional visits of foreign orchestras are altogether inadequate for the educational object of familiarizing the public with the magnificent repertoire of the modern orchestra.

I regret to hear that an attempt is to be made by the Morality Department of the city, instigated by the Lord's Day Alliance, to suppress the Sunday concerts at the Bijou Theater. So far as I can see these concerts do no harm, and they provide an innocent entertainment for a class of people whose only opportunity of availing themselves of the refining influences of music is on Sunday. A well behaved lot of people have attended these concerts, and the proceedings have been well ordered and without offence to any reasonable mind. In London the efforts of the opponents of Sunday concerts have been signally defeated, and wholesome recreation for the people of this kind has received the sanction of the County Council. Sunday concerts in Toronto do something to add to the wage-earning power of our instrumental musicians, who, to tell the truth, receive small encouragement in the way of engagements to stay in the city. The cases of competent instrumentalists who have been compelled to leave Toronto for want of patronage have been too numerous during the past few years to enumerate here. For these and other reasons I for one shall be sorry to find that the restrictionists win a victory in this matter.

The New York Times administers the following rebuke of the sensational methods of advertising great artists adopted by certain agents: "Emil Sauer came to this country—it might fairly be said—to advertise a new drink invented by his press agent. It was a fortunate thing for Mr. Sauer that he proved to be a dignified and accomplished artist, for everything that could be done to make people think him a charlatan had been done by a press agent, who ought to be in the employ of a circus, not that of a musician. As it stands, Mr. Sauer's chances of pecuniary profit in this town have been materially diminished by the manner in which he has been announced, because the genuine musical public does not take him seriously. This is a great pity, for Mr. Sauer is a real artist."

The following caustic criticism of Paderewski was written several years ago by Herr William Tappert in *Das Kliner Journal*, Berlin: "Herr Paderewski, made audacious by the success of his minuet, bought several pounds of music paper and wrote a piano concerto. The Philharmonic Society, this incubator of musical microbes, produced it last night. The third movement of it is ridiculous nonsense. We will not say that the playing of this idiotic pouter is neither fish nor flesh; fortunately the excellent grand piano stood the strain. The sounding humbug which Herr Paderewski produced with his two paws left the public entirely cold; and after the number, in which the artist, (f) without orchestral accompaniment, made a failure, he hoped for applause was entirely wanting; and the minuet, which he had up his sleeve as an encore, could not be given as his trump card."

A production of great interest to patrons of the opera will be the revival of Halevy's opera, *La Juive*, which is announced for February 20 at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. *La Juive* and *Faust* are the only works which ever reached their five hundredth performance at the Opera in Paris. Halevy, who was born in Paris in 1799 and died in 1862 at Nice, was a most prolific composer. He wrote ten works for the repertoire of the Opera and eighteen for the Opera Comique, in addition to the operas which he composed for other lyric theaters in Paris. Of these, *La Juive* with its 330 representations at the Opera and *La Reine de Chypre* with 153 performances were the most popular. His works at the two national opera houses were given in all 2,500 times. It is five years since *La Juive* was given in Paris, but an effort will be made to revive it this year, in celebration of the centenary of the composer's birth. The opera of *La Juive* is pre-eminently spectacular, and its music is dramatic and declamatory rather than melodious. In the expression of passionate sentiment, in stage pageantry, in elaborate treatment, and in broad and powerful dramatic effect, *La Juive* is con-

sidered one of the strongest operas in the modern repertoire.

Lord Bramwell, says the *Graphic*, knew a good deal about music and had a fine natural ear. His sufferings, especially when on the Welsh circuit, from the complimentary performances of the sheriff's trumpeters under the windows of his lodgings, were sometimes acute. In a Welsh town one day he suddenly threw up the sash and shouted to the trumpeters in the street below: "My men, give one good blast, as loud as ever you can, and then pray go home." Lord Bramwell used to tell a story about Mr. Justice Compton, who was supposed literally not to know one tune from another. One day, and once only, did he profess to recognize God Save the Queen. They were both at a public dinner in Dublin when the band struck up a tune and Mr. Justice Compton loyally rose to his feet. When the music ceased Lord Bramwell explained with great glee to his friend that the tune which he had treated with so much respect was *The Wearing of the Green*.

The choir of Trinity Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. R. G. Kirby, choirmaster, will hold a very attractive service of praise in the church on Wednesday, February 22, at 8 p. m. The appearance of Miss Margaret Huston, soprano, as a church soloist for the first time since her return from Europe, also Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson, the talented young violin virtuoso, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor, who created such a favorable impression at the Pianco concert in the Massey Hall the other evening, should prove an attraction to musicians. The choir will sing Hamilton Gray's *A Dream of Paradise*, Gounod's *Come Unto Him*, Rheinberger's *Evening Hymn*, Sullivan's *Yea Though I Walk* (the last three unaccompanied), and Handel's *Hallelujah*. Leonard James Kennedy, Miss Bertha Rogers and Mr. William Levack, members of the choir, will sing solos. Miss Miller, the organist, will play several numbers, and a short address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Potts. A collection will be taken up.

Emil Sauer's successes have been so complete that the critics have exhausted their superlatives in his praise, and unanimously agree with the eminent Berlin critic, Wm. Tappert, who stated a year ago that "Sauer was the best piano player now alive." Musical Toronto is indebted to the Male Chorus Club for the opportunity of hearing this genius at their concert on March 2nd, and it is safe to prophesy that there will be no vacant seats in Massey Hall on the evening of this much anticipated event. The subscription list is filling so rapidly that those who wait till the plan is open to the public on February 27th will find themselves at a disadvantage in securing desirable seats. It will be an event of rare interest.

The Metropolitan School of Music is reported as experiencing much success this season, and indeed this institution has, under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, fully secured public confidence as being conducted upon worthy and distinctly artistic lines. This year, the fifth since beginning operations, finds the Metropolitan with much the largest attendance of pupils in its history, over two hundred being enrolled in the piano department alone, and the various other branches show a proportionate degree of activity. At this particular time, and until the end of June, the work of the institution generally is, for pupils, at the most interesting stage. The numerous concerts given show ripening effects. The lectures given free to pupils are in full force, and the near approach of the semi-annual examinations is felt through the intensity in study of those who are preparing for the ordeal. Large as is the staff of teachers (over thirty), present indications are said to point to the necessity of further additions, very likely within the current season.

A meeting of the professional musicians of the province has been called for Thursday evening, February 23, at the Queen's Hotel. The subject under discussion will be the advisability of asking the University of Toronto to hold examinations in practical music and to grant certificates to music teachers, singers and players, as well as theorists. The present examinations at the University are for the degree of Bachelor of Music, and are largely of theoretical character, with an added practical test. The meeting has been called at the request of a number of our prominent professional musicians, and it is thought that some definite action will be the result. All professional musicians are invited to attend.

To return for a moment to the subject of Sunday concerts, at a meeting of the London County Council on January 24, the report of the theaters' and music hall committee, which was intended to facilitate the work of the National Sunday League and to gratify its desire to give high-class musical performances on Sunday evenings at the Alhambra, was adopted by a majority of nearly five to one.

The Curtius Concert Club of London, England, gave a curious performance last month. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch contributed a Beethoven programme on a Broadwood piano made in 1815, or about the time when the composer was in his prime. The playing of the trio in D, op. 70, demonstrated very effectively how the bal-

ance of tone that obtained in the days of Beethoven between the piano and the string instruments in concerted chamber music has been destroyed by the improvements in the modern piano. In these days a trio for piano, violin and cello is more like a solo for the piano, with accompaniments, than a concertante piece of music.

The London *Musical Times* for the current month contains a portrait and sketch of the life of Mr. George Riseley of Bristol, whose services in the cause of music have of late attracted a great deal of attention. It will be interesting to note that Mr. Riseley is conductor of the Bristol Society of Instrumentalists, a body of about eighty amateur players, ladies as well as gentlemen, who meet for rehearsal once a week. Each member pays an annual subscription of a guinea, but music is provided for their use. The Duke of Edinburgh has taken a great interest in the Society. During his command at Devonport he took part in three concerts; he attended long rehearsals and on one occasion played a solo. "We play everything that is going," says Mr. Riseley, "and this society was the first to have ladies playing in the orchestra so far as Bristol is concerned." In 1877 he started and carried on at his own risk a series of orchestral concerts called Monday Popular Concerts. The whole of Beethoven's nine symphonies were given and Mr. Riseley is sure that they proved a great educator. He most carefully nursed English music at these concerts and many composers went from London specially to conduct their own works. Mr. Riseley thinks that it is the duty of the municipalities to take up and subsidize orchestral music. Mr. Torrington is seriously considering Mr. Riseley's scheme.

By the way, the report of the December performance of the Messiah in Toronto as printed in the *Musical Times* is excruciatingly funny. It says Mr. Robert Marshall was the leader of the orchestra—the head-piece in fact—and Mr. H. C. Collins presided at the organ. Mr. Marshall, who is now in British Columbia, has not led an orchestra in this city since the early seventies, and Mr. H. C. Collins, the organist, departed from our midst years ago.

Our talented solo pianist, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, gave a most interesting recital in Association Hall on Tuesday night. The auditorium was crowded by appreciative and enthusiastic amateurs. Mr. Tripp played an exacting and comprehensive programme, in which were found compositions by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Paganini-Brahms, Schumann and Leschetizky. He played as usual with great brilliancy of technique, flexibility of touch, and with a thoughtful interpretation predominating over all. Mr. Tripp is never a fantastic nor a capricious player; in everything he does there is artistic judgment and restraint. A welcome novelty was the Brahms arrangement of one of Paganini's capricios for violin, which, as students know, bristles with difficulties both in the original and in its transferred form. The Intermezzo study in octaves by Leschetizky was also a feat of virtuosity. Mr. Tripp took the occasion to introduce the new concert grand only just completed by the Gerhard Heintzman Company of Toronto. This instrument, the first of its kind turned out by the firm, and which represents a year's work in careful testing for tone equality and beauty, responded admirably to the demands made upon it both for sustained singing power and volume of sound. It is beautifully finished in all its parts and is in every sense a most gratifying production of a local industry. Mr. Tripp's assistants in extending the programme were Miss Adamson, the gifted young violinist, who gave several attractive *morceaux*, and Miss McMurtry and Mr. Bradley, vocalists. Their numbers were all distinguished by the merit which one has been accustomed to associate with their public performances.

The annual concert on Tuesday of the A.O.U. filled the Massey Hall to overflowing with a highly pleased audience. The artists were Mlle. Trebelli, of late a familiar figure at our concerts, Miss Carrie Lash, contralto, Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, Harry Bennett, comic singer, and Miss Ladell, elocutionist. Mlle. Trebelli's singing of *Masse's Carnival of Venice* was a most showy exhibition of bravura work. In quite a different style she was equally successful with *Ganz's* *Dear Bird of Winter*. Miss Carrie Lash was heard at her best in the *Lost Chord* by Sullivan. Mr. Harold Jarvis was in good voice and sang with his accustomed success. Mr. Carnahan was in excellent form, and the comedian was as enthusiastically received as any of his associates, his efforts eliciting boundless merriment. The *Madrigal* from the *Mikado*, sung by Mlle. Trebelli, Miss Lash, Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Carnahan, was very fairly rendered, but I have heard more effective renderings at performances of the opera in this city.

On Tuesday, February 7, the Toronto Junction College of Music gave a very successful pupils' recital in Kilburn Hall. The friends of the pupils attended in large numbers. A very pleasing programme, the rendering of which afforded a satisfactory test of the progress made by the students, was carried out in a manner marked by much merit. Master Harry Martin was announced as the winner of the Heintzman half-yearly scholarship.

The Clarence Eddy organ recital at the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening next will doubtless prove one of the special events of the season. This famous organist, through his successful concert work, is acknowledged as chief of the masters of this magnificent instrument in America, and has established himself pre-eminently amongst the greatest organ virtuosos in the world, having received also the friendly recognition of the greatest composers and interpreters of organ music. The following is Mr. Eddy's programme for February 22: Concert

overture (new), written for and dedicated to Clarence Eddy, William Wolstenholme; a. Ave Maria, b. Scherzo in G minor (new). M. Enrico Bossi; Benediction Nuptiale (new), Alfred Hollins; Fifth sonata, op. 80, (1, allegro appassionato, 2, adagio, 3, scherzo, 4, recitativo, 5, choral et fugue), dedicated to Clarence Eddy, Alex. Gullmant; Double Theme Varie, dedicated to Clarence Eddy, Samuel Rousseau; Serenade, arranged by E. H. Lemare, Franz Schubert; the great fuzze in G minor, J. S. Bach; Vorspiel to Lohengrin, arranged by Clarence Eddy, Richard Wagner; concert piece in C minor, Louis Thiele.

Mr. Rechab Tandy, the well known tenor of this city, has been singing in the provincial towns lately and has been received with appreciative satisfaction by his audiences. At Newmarket recently, where he gave a concert assisted by two of his pupils, he won unstinted praise. The Newmarket *Star* in referring to the event said: "Mr. Tandy has a very powerful voice, full, round and under perfect control, as exhibited particularly in the Star of Bethlehem and Scots Wha Hae. Miss Mabel Thompson has a clear soprano voice, and her numbers were heartily applauded. Miss Carrie Davidson is a rich and powerful contralto with clear articulation, and her voice has undoubtedly captivated the people of Newmarket. In the trio each voice filled its part to perfection." CHERUBINO.

**Weary Waggle's Wit.**  
New York Sun.  
Tramp Waggle, strolling on alone,  
Found lying in his path a stone.  
He pondered o'er the circumstance,  
If fortune placed it there or chance,  
And then he thought him of a plan  
For nourishing the inner man.  
He sought a farmhouse near the place,  
And, with want pictured in his face,  
Requested in a pleading tone  
The privilege to cook the stone.  
With ample water boiling hot  
He placed the stone within the pot.  
Thanks, if you will, a pinch of salt,  
And pepper also while I halt.  
These condiments will season it  
And soften up the stone a bit.  
If you can spare that marrow bone  
I'll add a flavor to the stone.  
A little pone or crust of bread  
Is good for cobblestones, 'tis said;  
Or scrap of meat will sometimes aid  
Stone soup when it is rightly made.  
This miracle I pray conceal;  
See, this small stone provides a meal,  
And they who nature's secrets know  
Need never plough nor reap nor sow!  
EDWARD WILLIAM DUTCHER.

Rastus (angrily)—Go on, den—hit me—why don't you hit me? Reilly (with contempt)—An' phwat fur wud Oi hit ya? Sure, if Oi give ya a black eye, no wad' know ut.—*Brooklyn Life*.  
"Are you much rushed now, Foozer?"  
Rushed? If I were to die to-night my employer would expect me to come down to town to-morrow, and work until the hour set for the funeral."  
Bell—What do you suppose the fat girl in the avenue candy-store weighs? Nell—Candy.—*Ex*.  
"What's the most marked feature of a newspaper office?" "Why—er—the proofs."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.  
Penner—He once seemed to be a promising young poet. What stopped his career? Scribes—Baldness.—*Judge*.

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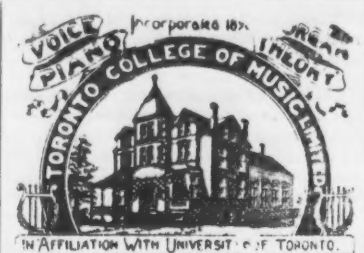
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## CLARENCE EDDY ORGAN RECITAL

AT THE  
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Wednesday Evening, February 22  
AT 8.15 O'CLOCK  
Only appearance in Toronto this season. Subscription list now open at the Conservatory, where the plan opens to subscribers February 17 at 10 a.m., and to the public February 20 at 10 a.m. All seats reserved at 75c. each, and will be issued in the order of subscription.

## Miss Temple Dixon's DRAMATIC RECITAL...

AT  
St. George's Hall, Feb. 24, '99  
ASSISTED BY  
Miss BEVERLEY ROBINSON, Soprano  
Miss ADA E. S. HART, Piano  
Programme to conclude with the sketch, "Petticoat Perfidy," in which Miss Dixon will be assisted by Miss Constance Boulton and Mrs. Grayson Smith. Plan opens Monday, Feb. 20th, '99, at 10 a.m., at Mason, Hirsch & Co's.

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### Social and Personal.

**T**WO large events, the annual 'Varsity conversation and the last of the trio of dances given by the Royal Grenadiers, have taken place since the last chronicle of social doings in this column. 'Varsity dance blossomed out in the latter part of the week, and also caught the finish of the extreme cold snap, which prevented some intending guests from taking it in. The President himself was laid up with gripe and not present, and here and there one missed familiar faces and found it necessary to make enquiries after the health of the absent magnates, instead of making bows to them. Miss Mowat, in a simple gown of pink satin, with bertha of lace, was attended by Captain Elmsley, A.D.C., and took the head of the "dance of honor," as it was called on a placard displayed over the musicians' dais. Owing to this startling and promising announcement, the other dancers omitted to form sets, as usual, but instead piled themselves in three or four tiers around the official quadrille and constituted it an interesting spectacle. It was a beautiful *parterre* of youth and beauty, that circle within which the Lancers was gone through with by Miss Mowat, Mrs. Loudon in black, with rose velvet trimmings; Mrs. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto, in one of her handsomest gowns, a green and white brocade, and point-lace bertha; Mrs. Baker, in pink satin; Mrs. Willison, in green and pale pink; Mrs. McDowell Thompson, in pale blue satin; Miss Ethel Ellis, in rose silk veiled in black, and Miss Mulock, in cream *lisse* over blue brocade. Dr. Wickett, president of the Literary and Scientific Society, took the place of the President and danced with Miss Mowat. The other cavaliers of the set were Professor Ramsay Wright, Captain Elmsley, A.D.C., and Messrs. Brown, Hunt, Alexander, Kerr and McKay. 'Varsity men of prominence on this occasion. The dance was very late in being formed, as the concert held in both halls, with the reception in the rotunda, took quite a large part of the early hours. Certainly one gets plenty of variety and more amusement than can be crowded upon any one programme at the 'Varsity conversat. Trebelli was a great attraction, singing at both concerts, going from east to west halls, which were crowded with people standing to listen to her delightful numbers. In some of the lecture-rooms were graphophone and lantern-slide exhibits, and many a curious object in the museum, and all over the maze of corridors, the rotunda and wherever it could be employed, the electric light glowed red, white and blue upon the flags of England and the Dominion and 'Varsity's white and blue. A lantern slide of 'Varsity nine years ago last Valentine's night, with flames enveloping its beautiful outlines, reminded many an one of those hours spent watching the great fire. By the way, a young benedict lately settled in Toronto, Dr. Theodore Coleman, was "scribe" of the dance committee that year. Everyone admired this year's decorations and realized what an immense amount of work they entailed upon the energetic committee, who were everywhere congratulating on the successful affair. The quaint little sage green programmes with 'Varsity's crest in gold were in excellent taste. As to the guests who thronged the halls, *tele-tel* in the corridors and had supper by snatches downstairs, they were the brightest and bonniest young Torontonians, and many visitors came from other cities. A nice little group was Mrs. McKellar's house-party, Miss Rumpel of Berlin, a very charming girl, with her two pretty young hostesses, the Misses McKellar, and their United States guests. Many a proud mother and sister and sweetheart were there, and 'Varsity girls mingled in the crowd with 'Varsity men, and were both the most attentive of hosts. Webb served a collation in a couple of spacious rooms, and Mrs. Loudon had a party of prominent persons in social and literary circles for supper in the president's room, among whom I noticed Miss Mowat, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Vandersmissen, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Byron Walker, Mrs. and Miss Ellis, Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Miss Edgar, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, and a few other ladies with their husbands and escorts. The music furnished by the Italian orchestra was first-class, and the floors in good order; in fact, every arrangement was ordered with quite exceptional knowledge, and the conversat. of 1890 will long be remembered for its successful management.

Mrs. Mackay's reception last Saturday was very largely attended, and Dundonald, always a delightful home wherein to enjoy a season of social intercourse, was filled with the *elite* of Toronto society. Music and the scent of many flowers mingled with the chatter and laughter of the large assemblage, passing through the reception-room, where Mrs. Mackay gave her sincere welcome, and the master of Dundonald warmly seconded it, to greet that sparkling dark-eyed lady, Miss Lilla, who, with her twin brother, stood midway between the rooms and had cordial words for everyone. In addition to the house party, the experienced young entertainers from Wellington street's mansions, the Misses Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald and their brothers, were on hand to do their part for everyone's enjoyment. The buffet was beautifully done in pink roses and ferns and green ribbons, and many of Dundonald's silver and glass treasures were spread thereon filled with good things. Many friends welcomed Miss Hamilton and her guest, Mademoiselle Trebelli, and among others present were: Lady Thompson, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Mulock, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. G. R. H. Cockburn, Colonel and Mrs. Cosby, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Major and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Miss Beggs, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Walde, Dr. and Mrs. C.

Temple, Mr. Percival Ridout, Miss Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, Justice and Mrs. Rose, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight and many other married people, besides a very large number of young men and maids.

On Tuesday afternoon at St. John's church a very quiet wedding was celebrated, Rev. Mr. Williams performing the ceremony which united Mr. Frank Blaikie of St. Catharines to Miss Ethel Weatherston, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Weatherston of this city. The bride, who was gown in her traveling suit of prune-colored ladies' cloth, with jabot of white chiffon and lace, wore a pretty little toque of violets and prune velvet and carried a large bouquet of white bridal roses. She was attended by Miss Marion Barker of New York, in a smart tailor-made gown of gray cloth with white trimmings, and large black velvet hat, and carrying a bouquet of crimson roses. The groomsmen was Mr. W. J. Fleury. The wedding reception was held at the residence of the bride's father in Peter street. Among the guests present were: Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald of Guelph, Mr. and Miss Charleston of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Blaikie and Miss Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray Alexander, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Wallace, Mr. W. Rathbun, Mrs. Herbert Rathbun of Belleville, Mr. Arthur Alexander, Miss Sill, Mr. Alexander Sniveley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Campbell and Miss Coates. Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie left by the six o'clock train for a trip to the Southeastern States.

Miss Aulsebrook of Nithdale, Goderich, is a guest of Miss Kate M. Awty, 233 Shaw street.

The Colborne Bachelors and Benedicts gave a delightful ball in the Opera House, Colborne, on Thursday of last week, when the *elite* of the town, with many representatives from neighboring and outside towns, made up a jolly company of about two hundred. The Opera House floor is excellent, and Glionna and his men did their prettiest in supplying music for the eager dancers. From sharp nine o'clock till three in the morning, with only the supper intermission excepted, the dancing was kept up with a right good will. Many handsome toilettes were worn by the chaperones and the chaperoned, but space will not allow of a description of them. Every detail of the dance showed that much thought and labor had been bestowed upon the affair by the stewards and the enterprising secretary, Mr. B. Morton Jones, and to these gentlemen the credit is due of having arranged a ball which from start to finish was one continued success. The invitation cards bore the names of the following stewards: Messrs. H. P. Cameron, A. B. D. Campbell, A. H. Griffiths, T. Huyck, W. Neill, W. N. McDougall, W. L. Payne, A. G. Willoughby, G. E. R. Wilson and Dr. Thorburn. The ladies who acted as patronesses were: Mrs. T. Brown, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Larke, Mrs. Merriman, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mrs. F. L. Webb and Mrs. Wilson. Among the many present were: Dr. and Miss Willoughby, Miss McTavish, Miss E. M. McTavish, Miss Campbell, Miss Strong, Miss Dewey, Miss Ford, Colonel and Miss Greer, the Misses McGlenon, Miss Brown, the Misses Thomas, Miss Simmons; from Brighton a jolly party included Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and Miss Harrington, Miss Ketchum, Miss Bullock, Mr. Reid, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Proctor, and Trenton was strongly represented by some twenty-five or thirty dancers, among them being: the Misses Evans, Mrs. and the Misses Whittier, Mrs. Drewry, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Cumming, Mrs. White, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. Evans, Messrs. Arnott, Dr. Shurie, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Moore, and Mr. Killaly, Cobourg, Grafton, Campbellford, Hastings and Port Hope all contributed their share to make up the roll of

pleasure-seekers, and in every respect the ball was an unqualified success.

Sir Charles Tupper remained on Tuesday evening in town on his way west. The league to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir John A. Macdonald had him as a guest at the Albany club.

Mr. "Billy" Ponton, formerly of the Dominion bank here, was in town this week and a host of old friends were shaking hands with him everywhere he went.

Mr. Phillip Dykes of the Merchants' bank is to be manager, I hear, of the bank's new branch in Parkdale.

The Toronto Dental Society held their annual banquet at Webb's on Tuesday evening. Visitors from many outside places were present.

On Monday night many of our German citizens and others enjoyed a masked fancy dress ball at the Liederkranz Club. It was the sixteenth annual ball, I believe, and a jolly time was experienced in good German fashion.

Hon. J. T. and Mrs. Garrow are guests at the Rossin during the session.

Mrs. W. Galbraith of 72 Shuter street gave a very original and pretty afternoon on last Monday, which was much enjoyed by a merry party of men, matrons and maids. The idea of a Japanese tea-house ruled, and the assistants, numbering over half a dozen society women, were dressed in the picturesque garb of the Land of the Lantern and the cherry blossom. The rooms were quaintly decorated with Japanese screens, lanterns and huge parti-colored butterflies hovering suspended over all. The lights were veiled in red, giving a most becoming tinge to the pretty cheeks of the busy little Gelsas. Mrs. Galbraith wore black and pink and received with much grace. She is indeed a clever little lady and deserves all the compliments she got on her idea. Mr. Robert Drummond sang some beautiful songs.

Mrs. Burgess (nee Ferguson) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Monday, February 20, at her home, 277 Wellesley street, and be at home afterwards the first and third Mondays.

On Wednesday week Mrs. W. S. Finch of 76 Gerrard street east celebrated her eightieth birthday. In commemoration of the event, and in recognition of her former presidency and subsequent honorary presidency of the Woman's Missionary Society in connection with the Metropolitan church, the Society presented Mrs. Finch with a gold badge of life membership and an address. The octogenarian lady entertained the Society at tea in the church parlors afterwards, and is a marvelously well and active member of every good enterprise.

The Dean of Trinity will lecture this afternoon in place of Dr. Parkin of Upper Canada College, as that brilliant principal is a victim of gripe. Dr. Parkin's lecture comes in place of Dean Rigby's later on. After the lecture the dons will entertain at a tea in Commons. The dean lectures on Miracle Plays.

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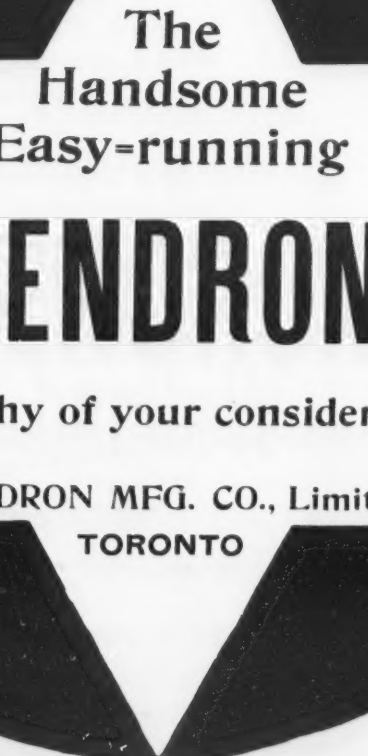
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## Social and Personal.

The Skating Club have arranged for an At Home at the Mutual street rink next Monday evening, when a programme of music for the jolies patineuses and their friends, with light refreshments, will be given. Tickets may be had for the affair from Mr. Heward, the honorary secretary of the Club; and good ice, that *sine qua non* for skaters which has brought the Skating Club to its East side quarters, is almost a sure thing.

Mrs. Maud Gregg Johnstone will have charge of a page for women in a Chicago journal published monthly.

Last Saturday evening a party of friends were entertained at the Hunt Club by Captain and Mrs. Forester in honor of Captain and Mrs. Harrison of St. John. The guests at dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Parker, Mr. G. W. Beardmore, Mr. G. A. Stimson. Miss Hutton of Detroit was the guest of honor at another little dinner given by Mr. L. McMurray at the same time and place.

Miss Smallpiece of 21 Close avenue entertained at progressive euchre on Thursday evening. Mrs. Shore gives a tea this afternoon at her residence, 178 St. George street. Mrs. Hees returned from New York last week, and Miss Bessie will be home next week. Miss Violet Langmuir is staying in Ottawa with friends, and is much admired. Madame Evanturel receives on every second Tuesday during the season. Last week she held her first reception.

Mrs. Overton Macdonald held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and received many callers. The bride was gowned in pale gray with white satin vest covered with chiffon, and was assisted by Miss Violet Larratt-Smith. Miss Helen Grant Macdonald was in charge of the tea-room, where a bright table done in red carnations and shaded lights was set, and she was assisted by Miss Etta Kirkpatrick. Mrs. Overton Macdonald receives on the day in vogue in her vicinity—Tuesday.

Mrs. Acton Burrows gave one of her enjoyable teas last Tuesday afternoon and as usual her guests were welcomed with a heartiness which gave the key-note to a very happy harmony of home-like pleasure. The hostess wore a gray dress with bodice of pale yellow daintily trimmed. Her assistants in the tea-room, where a table, which was a perfect poem of spring, with baskets of daffodils, yellow-shaded lights and pale green ribbons, held in my good things, were Miss Alice Schreiber, Miss Charlotte Taylor, Miss Jessie Roger and Miss Walker, who were most kind

and attentive, adding their pleasant attentions to the winning welcome of the hostess. The drawing-room mantel was banked with crimson carnations and ferns and the whole house redolent with their spicy perfume. Mrs. Sweatman, Lady Howland, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Mrs. E. S. Cox were among those present.

Mrs. Stanger gave a tea on Saturday afternoon at her home in Walmer road, at which a very smart lot of people were present. A new house, which has the look of an old one, is this artistic residence, where on every side are quaint nooks and valuable articles of vertu. The dainty little hostess received in a black and white gown, and was assisted in the tea-room by Miss Ethel Ellis, Miss Mabel Rae, Miss Freda Montizambert, Miss Davidson and Miss Kerland of Elm avenue. The tea-table was lovely with yellow tulips and violets, and the color motif was yellow, carried out in candle-shades and tulle center-piece. Among the visitors in town who were guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hankey and Miss Hankey, of London, England; Mrs. Russell of Scotland; Miss Cambie of Ottawa; Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall of Montreal, and they met a most representative party of Toronto's best society.

"Hiram, what makes 'em call that show with so many girls in it a 'spectacle'?" "Well, Hannah, you got me; but I guess it's 'cause th' men what go t' see it all seem t' be near-sighted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill. Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning, and he says he is lying at death's door. Dix—That's just like a lawyer.—*Ex.*

M. Cotelette de Mouton—It was very difficult for the judge to decide the case. M. La Carte de Jour—Yes; the spectators were so noisy and so evenly divided that he could hardly tell which side had the majority.—*Puck*.

Teacher (to new scholar)—Now, Mary, I'll give you a sum. Supposing that your father owed the butcher \$13.70, \$11.13 to the baker, \$27.08 to the coal merchant, \$15.10 to the landlord— Mary (confidently)—We should move.—*Boston Globe*.

"I don't see," said Mr. Mulberry, "why you women have that Mrs. Watkins in your literary club. The rest of you are bright enough, but she's dull as dull can be." "It's this way," answered Mrs. Mulberry: "Mrs. Watkins' great-grandmother's half-sister's second cousin by marriage could trace her descent from Chaucer. So you see, after all, with such literary claims, we couldn't very well leave Mrs. Watkins out."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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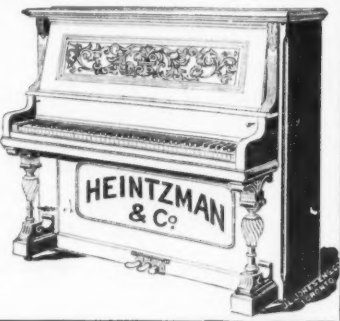
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### Births.

SMITH—Mount Forest, Mrs. W. Sidney Smith—a son.  
STEVENSON—Feb. 1, Mrs. J. D. Stevenson—a daughter.  
READE—Feb. 9, Mrs. Edgar S. Reade—a son.  
JEPHOOTT—Feb. 8, Mrs. Alfred Jephcott—a daughter.  
BELTON—Feb. 9, Mrs. Frank S. Belton—twin sons.  
INCE—Feb. 7, Mrs. William Ince, jr.—a son.  
MARTIN—Feb. 14, Mrs. L. K. Martin—a son.  
ELLIOTT—Kingston, Feb. 11, Mrs. J. G. Elliott—a son.  
CAMERON—St. Catharines, Feb. 4, Mrs. R. R. Cameron—a son.  
HOCKLEY—MacLeod, N.W.T., Feb. 1, Mrs. E. F. Hockley—a son.  
VANBREE—Feb. 7, Mrs. L. E. Vanbree—a daughter.

### Marriages.

PARKER—BRAYLEY—Feb. 10, Alfred E. Parker to Holly Brayley.  
JOHNSON—BROTHERHOOD—Montreal, Feb. 1, Sydney M. Johnson to Maria Adelaide Brotherhood.  
BLAIR—WEATHERSTON—Feb. 14, Frank Blair to Ethel Weatherston.  
CASLAKE—LOCKERIE—Collingwood, Feb. 11, John Augustus Caslake to Lillie Lockerie.

### Deaths.

HARRISON—Feb. 12, Frances A. Harrison, aged 29.  
HUGHES—Feb. 13, Bernard B. Hughes, aged 60.  
KAHRS—Georgetown, Feb. 13, Annie Kahrs, aged 54.  
MACKIE—Feb. 5, Emily Matilda Mackie.  
MCLENNAN—Detroit, Feb. 8, Marion A. McLennan.  
WILLMOTT—Feb. 11, Edward Willmott, aged 76.  
CHURCH—Hamilton, Feb. —, William Gould Church, aged 88.  
GOODERHAM—Feb. 13, Herbert Ross Gooderham, aged 10.  
WILKS—Feb. 3, Marion J. Wilks.  
MCNAB—Newmarket, Feb. 11, Rev. Alexander McNab, aged 41.

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